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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

IN the midst of the European complications which for so many months past have occupied the public attention, to the exclusion of almost every other subject, we are forced from time to time, by the news of some fearful slaughter on the American continent, to remember that Federals and Confederates are still engaged as earnestly as ever in cutting one another's throats. The worst of it is that out of all this bloodshed nothing but renewed and apparently interminable bloodshed seems to come. It has long been an old story to say that after the loss of so many thousand lives on each side the combatants remain in much the same position that they occupied before the battle. The advocates of the Federal cause, of course, maintain after each fresh conflict that the Federals have gained some important advantages; and the friends of the Confederates are equally persistent in viewing the result of every engagement as a great Confederate triumph. Impartial lookers-on cannot make much of the

struggle one way or the other. On the whole, however, a series of drawn battles must be more advantageous to the South than to the North. It is the object of the North to invade and subject the South, and, as long as invasion and subjection are resisted, the South is so far successful. As to the true financial position of the Confederate States we know but little. We know that the Federal Government is ruining itself; but it is sustained through all its troubles by the fond belief that its enemy is even in a worse plight than itself. In the meanwhile there are no more signs of a termination to the struggle now than there were three years ago.

In the Conference on Danish affairs some important step was to have been taken on Thursday; but even the most sanguine persons seem now to be losing all hope of any good coming from its deliberations. The proceedings have too much the character of an inquest, and it is too readily assumed that the Danish monarchy, as constituted before the German invasion, has ceased to exist. In point of fact, the Denmark of 1815

is no more, inasmuch as Prussia and Austria have dismembered it. But surely the neutral Powers have not such a respect for "accomplished facts" as to recognise unjust claims simply because the unjust claimants are too strong to listen to moral arguments alone? Surely Denmark is not considered to have lost Schleswig and Holstein definitively because at the present moment those provinces are occupied in force by German invaders? If that be the case, the Conference ought not to have been called together at all. It would have been better that England should have entered a simple protest against the conduct of Austria and Prussia and left Denmark to her fate, than that she should call the representatives of the European Powers together in order to let them give formal sanction to an act of iniquity. We were not, in the first instance, bound to assist Denmark any more than France and Russia were; but, while France held back because we had done too little in the Polish question, and while Russia held back because we had done too much, nothing would satisfy



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK: CARRIAGE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES DURING THE SALUTE.

our Foreign Minister but to go forward alone and pester Denmark with advice, which is scarcely ever valuable unless it proceeds from a counsellor who is also prepared to give assistance. While Earl Russell advised on the one side he threatened on the other; but, whereas his advice has been followed, his menaces have been treated with contempt, and thus it has come to pass that, at the present moment, England stands in quite a different position towards both Germans and Danes to what she would have occupied had she, until the assembling of the Conference, maintained a strictly neutral attitude, like France and Russia.

Hitherto we have urged upon Denmark, at every step, the propriety of giving in without fighting; and though we have warned the German Powers not to advance, they have always understood that they could, with the most perfect safety, disregard our warnings. When it was signified to them that they would do well not to enter Holstein, they entered Holstein. When they were given to understand that, at least, they had better not invade Schleswig, they invaded Schleswig. Finally, when they were expressly cautioned against overstepping the disputed territory and carrying the war into Jutland, they carried the war into Jutland. What will they do next if Denmark obstinately persists in withholding her consent from the scheme of dismemberment, which Earl Russell would, no doubt, like her to accept, but which Earl Russell, at the same time, can scarcely press upon her acceptance? It would be a misfortune for England to have to declare war against Prussia, Austria, and all Germany; but, at the same time, it would be a disgrace to England to allow the Germans to pursue the Danes even to Copenhagen and attack them in their own capital. Indeed, in this case, "the interest and honour of England," which Earl Russell seems to think always go together, do not, unfortunately, go together at all. So it is with other European questions of importance; and for that no one, of course, can blame Earl Russell. It is not his fault, for instance, that our sympathies and our sense of justice are with Poland against Russia, and with Italy against Austria; while our interest, real or supposed, lies in keeping up Russia as a counterpoise to the power of France, and in maintaining Austria as a check both to France and to Russia. But, making the fullest allowance for Earl Russell's belief in these Foreign-Office traditions, it was still his manifest duty, as Minister, not to get the country into a scrape. He knew the dangers, and should have avoided them. If he had not begun by threatening Russia, his abrupt retirement from all negotiations on the subject of Poland would have been less undignified, and might not have led Prussia to count on our absolute peacefulness in the event of her invading Denmark. It was too late then to go asking Russia, whom he had provoked, and France, whom he had deserted, for assistance on behalf of an ally for whom neither of them cared.

It is difficult to see what England can do for Denmark now by peaceful means alone, the mere word of England having lost all weight in Europe. It is rather late in the day to go to war; for, if the Danish question was worth our fighting about at all, the time for drawing the sword occurred some months ago. Moreover, the simple truth is that England alone is unable to do anything for Denmark, and that France will not join in her defence unless she be supported by England in other matters which she has much more at heart than the maintenance of the Danish Monarchy in its integrity.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

THE review of volunteers in Hyde Park, on Saturday last, was successful beyond any previous review. All the military arrangements were most admirably carried out, without a single failure, with hardly a minute's delay; and as the weather was excellent and there was a splendid gathering of spectators, while the discipline and precision of movement of the volunteers were most complete, the spectacle was a most brilliant one.

Some rather unbecoming conduct was exhibited by certain gentlemen (?) who had tickets for the inclosed space around the ground occupied by the volunteers taking possession of seats intended only for ladies and refusing to give them up when requested to do so. Some of them even were guilty of the selfishness and bad manners of standing up upon their seats, and thus obstructing the view of the crowds behind them. At the close of the review, too, there was a general rush of the spectators into the inclosed space, which occasioned some inconvenience to the volunteers, who, however, kept their temper and their ranks, and no mischief followed. The only casualty was an accident which befel a boy who had climbed up a tree to obtain a good view. The bough on which he sat gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground and considerably injured.

On the outskirts of the crowd there was a large muster of that peculiar class of people who cut such a prominent figure on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. Aunt Sally, Punch and Judy, vendors of articles, hirsute ornaments, street musicians, stall-keepers, and so forth, were in great force. Something like an idea of what this part of the crowd presented may be gathered from our Engraving on page 365, entitled "All that One of our Artists saw of the Review."

THE GATHERING.

Six o'clock was named for the commencement of the march past, but from midday the park was much more crowded than usual. The fact is, people had come up in long excursion-trains from the country, and had gone direct to the Marble Arch or to Rotten-row and there lounged their time away, looking at themselves in each others' eyes, it is to be supposed, for there was nothing else to be seen. By two o'clock the Londoners began to flow in, and as soon as the half-holiday had time to produce its natural effect the park began to get uncomfortably thronged. How many people were present at five o'clock we should not like to guess. Every estimate must be fallacious in the very nature of things; for the space was so vast, and the crowds distributed in such a manner, that it was impossible to see them all at a glance, as one could at Epsom; and as for taking them in detail, it would have been a madness if it had not been an impossibility. But there were not fewer people than on the occasion of the great review before her Majesty four years ago.

The troops arrived on the ground by various routes, and were conducted, under the direction of the Staff officers, to the position assigned them by Colonel M'Murdo, who was early on the ground, attended by his Staff, prominent among whom was Sergeant Harris, of the 1st Devon Light Horse, whose services seem to be always

available on the occasion of any great volunteer demonstration. The space inclosed for the regiments was the wide open between Apsley House on one side and the Marble Arch on the other, stretching back nearly to the Serpentine—the same ground as that chosen in 1860. The right of the line of brigades rested on Rotten-row, the left upon the road to Notting-hill and Bayswater, the whole facing towards Park-lane. The inclosure was kept by the household troops, foot and cavalry. On the Park-lane side of the inclosure for the troops was a flagstaff, and around this flagstaff were the reserved seats for spectators.

THE MARCHING PAST.

At six o'clock the artillery opened fire, and there was a general movement of expectation amongst the crowd. Very shortly afterwards the Duke of Cambridge rode past the flagstaff, having on his right his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in his uniform as Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company; and on his left his Serene Highness the Prince of Hesse, in a Prussian uniform. Next in order came the Royal Landau, in which were seated her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, her Royal Highness Princess Alice of England, and her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Cambridge. The presence of the Royal ladies was most enthusiastically acknowledged by the spectators—a special ovation, however, being awarded to the Princess of Wales, who, as well as her illustrious relatives, repeatedly acknowledged the homage of the public. The distant volunteer columns then "formed up" and gave the Royal salute, the bands of the Household Brigade "clubbed" in the front and played the National Anthem, and preparations were at once made for the "march past," which was to be the great business of the day. A moment's interruption was, however, created by the arrival of some distinguished visitors. Half a dozen policemen were seen to be suddenly dispatched on a special mission, and immediately afterwards they returned, making way for the Duke de Nemours, the Count de Paris, and another of the younger Orleans Princes, who, having paid their respects to the Royal ladies and been warmly greeted by Prince Louis, took a place along with his Royal Highness behind the carriage, where they remained attentive spectators to the close of the review. The first business was the "inspection," during which the Prince of Wales and the Commander-in-Chief rode carefully down both in front and rear of the volunteers, and gave to each corps as minute an examination as time would permit; and then his Royal Highness the Prince took the command of his own corps, the Hon. Artillery Company, riding at their head until they reached the flagstaff, when his Royal Highness gave the military salute to the Commander-in-Chief. He then returned to the ladies in the Royal carriage, and remained at the carriage door whilst the volunteers marched past. It took the troops—nearly 22,000 men—one hour and a half to pass the flagstaff.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE TROOPS.

As a rule, the improvement in drill and discipline was very great; but, according to the *Times*, our metropolitan volunteers have lost their pre-eminence over their country cousins. It has been the fashion, says the *Times*, to speak—not slightly, for it was never possible to do that—but in a careless, off-hand manner, of the performances of "country corps," and to assume that in 1864, as in 1860, London is still giving the tone to the provinces in all matters connected with volunteering. But if the regiments sent up from Lancashire, Nottingham, Warwick, and Derbyshire are average specimens of those in other parts of England, the metropolis must look to its laurels, and that without delay. It is true that all the established favourites of the London volunteer garrison were on the field on Saturday afternoon, and in no degree lessened their former high repute. The South Middlesex, for example, were present in large numbers, and the perfect evenness as to the merit of the companies showed the good results of the internal competitive examinations instituted in that corps. The London Scottish, steady and precise, repaid the trouble taken by Lord Elcho; while the London Rifle Brigade, solid and sombre, upheld the credit of the city of London. The Inns of Court, neatly dressed and smartly handled, as rifles should be, elicited frequent remarks of "We've not seen any like this yet;" and from one old gentleman the plaintive soliloquy, "Fine fellows, very fine fellows! what a pity there are such rogues among them!" The Victoria Rifles, under the Duke of Wellington, did credit to their long and careful training. But, rating the merits of these and other corps as high as possible, the fact cannot be got rid of that, without exception, the finest brigade upon the field was that commanded by Lord Grosvenor, and composed exclusively of country corps. The 6th Lancashire, better known as the 1st Manchester, led the van of this brigade, followed by the celebrated "Robin Hoods." The late Lord Herbert once coveted an Irish militia regiment so much that he almost infringed the rules of the service in the hope of transferring it bodily into the Queen's Army. The Commander-in-Chief must be more than mortal or less than a soldier if he did not cast a longing eye on those serried files of Lincoln green. So great was the interest excited by their appearance that the volunteer corps, which had just made the circuit of the field and returned to their former positions, cheered them enthusiastically again and again. The Birmingham, Derbyshire, and 2nd Manchester corps were almost as good; they were certainly equal to any corps present, if the Nottingham men be excepted. Bearing in mind that most of these volunteers had made a journey longer than that which metropolitan corps undertake when they go to Brighton, and that in the aggregate they composed a brigade of nearly 3000 men—exclusive of the Somersetshire and Berkshire regiments, not less efficient, which were classed in other brigades—it will be manifest with what spirit drill must be pursued in the provinces.

When the whole of the troops had marched past, the Royal family left the ground, the volunteers forming and saluting as they retired, and subsequently leaving the park in the same order as they had marched to the ground.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB held their first regatta for the season on Tuesday. There were two matches—one for cutters of the first class, prizes £100 and £50; and one for cutters of the third class, prizes £40 and £20. The first prizes were won by Mr. Duncan's Vindex and Mr. Holdsworth's Mosquito. The prizes in the third class were gained by Captain Commerell's Vampire and Captain Ballock's Duda.

ANTI-ENGLISH FEELING IN GERMANY.—In various parts of Germany a movement is being set on foot to exclude all articles of English manufacture from the German market. At Itzehoe a meeting of delegates from several towns and districts in Schleswig-Holstein is about to take place, with a view to concert measures for cutting off all trade with Britain. The press supports the movement, which it describes as an attempt to attack England on her "Achilles' heel" and only assailable point which lies in her commerce. In Lubeck the inhabitants have, according to the *Lubeck Gazette*, commenced signing a solemn pledge "never more to buy any article of British manufacture they can possibly help." It is a lamentable proof of the ignorance prevailing in Germany of the English character and the resources and extent of British trade, that by this silly, childish movement, which will injure Germans alone, it is expected to inspire England with the same convictions and opinions as Germany holds on the Schleswig-Holstein question!

DANES AND GERMANS.—A writer in the *Spectator*, who has given an account of his personal experience during the recent campaign, thus sums up his conclusions:—"Through knowing the Danes I believe I have learnt of what kind their actions are likely to be. Gentle, they are not of the stuff from which tyrants are made. Courteous, it is scarcely possible that they would be unbecomingly. Warmhearted, they could not treat a kindred people with habitual harshness. Honest, they would not use a dominant position, if they had it, for their own profit. Truthful, they can surely not have lived and spoken a continuous lie for twelve years past in Schleswig. Gentlemen, they cannot be mean. Enjoying the largest freedom, they have offered an equal freedom to their dependencies. Knowing what has been done by Germans, I inquire whether the like can be said for them. Gentle are they? Let Poland and Italy say. Courteous are they? Every traveller can answer enough. No need to ask of the women who have been insulted in Venice and Boggy in Hungary. Warmhearted are they? They plunder the friends whom they have come to help. Truthful are they? The deliberate untruths done and spoken from January until now shall be their condemnation. Gentlemen are they? In spite of the prayers of the people of Flensburg, they overturned a monument raised above the bodies of fellow-soldiers fallen in battle. Free are they? It was only the other day that immunity from bastinado at the command of nobles, rashly granted a year or two ago to peasants in Mecklenburg, was revoked by the Chambers of the duchy. Let the tree be judged by its fruit."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Session of the Corps Législatif was brought to a close on Saturday last, after an unusually long sitting. The President, the Duke de Morny, in the customary closing speech, strongly recommended conciliation amongst all parties, as conducive to the welfare and interests of the country.

The cattle show at Evreux was visited by the Emperor and Empress of the French on Sunday, when a display of fireworks took place, which set fire to the cattle-sheds. Fortunately the animals were saved, although the sheds were destroyed, and some of the persons employed in extinguishing the flames injured.

The state of affairs in Algeria must still be serious, as more troops are under orders to sail for the scene of insurrection. It is reported that Marshal M'Mahon is to be the Duke of Malakoff's successor.

SPAIN.

The Progressist party in Spain is determined upon reorganizing itself. It is stated, likewise, by a French paper, that Spain is absolutely bent upon bringing herself into political prominence again by pursuing a war policy; and that the high-handed and arbitrary conduct she has just exhibited with regard to Peru is but an instance of her resolution. It is even affirmed that the Spanish governing influences are determined upon undertaking the protection of the Pope in the event of the French troops being withdrawn from Rome. The Cabinet, however, does not seem to be inclined to enter upon so foolhardy a line of policy; for one of the Ministers, on being asked in the Cortes, a few days ago, why Spain had not taken up arms to sustain the temporal cause of the Pope, replied, both wittily and wisely, that Spain had done enough in producing Don Quixote, and did not mean likewise to perform in perpetuity the part of the Knight of La Mancha.

PORTUGAL.

The Cortes adopted, on the 27th ult., by a large majority, a bill abolishing hereditary succession to the peerage. A bill to establish free trade in corn had been introduced into the Chamber.

AUSTRIA.

The German inhabitants of Vienna are almost beside themselves with rage because the Bohemian Diet has resolved, by a majority of 101 to 94, that the students in the gymnasial and commercial schools shall be obliged to learn the Bohemian as well as the German language. "This resolution," says the Vienna organs of the press, "is a shameless attempt on the part of the Prague Diet to subordinate the German to the Czech (Bohemian) element. The Transylvanian Diet has again met, but it would appear that very few, if any, of the Magyars have taken their seats in the House. Of the Hungarians little more is now heard than that they are resolved not to come to terms with the Minister of State, who still flatters himself that he shall be able to overcome the passive resistance of his numerous and formidable political opponents."

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

The result of the general plebiscite is 713,285 votes for, and 57 against, the new Constitution proposed by Prince Couza. There were 766,905 persons entitled to vote, out of which number 53,566 were either absent, ill, or abstained from voting.

TUNIS.

Advices from Tunis to the 23rd ult. state that tranquillity prevailed; but, as the Bey persisted in refusing to dismiss his Ministers, and as the Europeans on the coast were still compelled to remain on board the ships, the Admirals had decided on disembarking troops for the protection of their countrymen against pillage and anarchy. The Italians were to occupy the principal ports of the Regency. The Arabs having discovered that the Caid of the tribe of Medjees had betrayed the Bey set up by the insurgents, put him to death, together with sixty of his relations and servants.

ST. DOMINCO.

Intelligence from Santo Domingo announces that the Spaniards were unable to subdue the insurrection in the island. The Spaniards gained slight successes in the South. Nothing was done in other parts. A large expedition was to leave Cuba for Monte Christi.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

The Conference met on Saturday last, and sat for some hours. It is understood that no result of any definitive kind was then arrived at. It is, of course, impossible to know exactly what has been done at the Conference, as its proceedings are kept secret; but a Vienna journal gives the following as the substance of what passed at the sitting on the 25th ult. :—

Count Apponyi explained the principles upon the basis of which the allied Powers are disposed to make peace. These principles are complete separation of the duchies from Denmark and their constitution as an independent German State, under the government of the hereditary Prince Frederick of Augustenburg. The representative of France presented a conciliatory project, tending to incorporate Holstein and Lauenburg, with part of Schleswig, in the Germanic Confederation and the other part of Schleswig with Denmark. The Earl of Clarendon supported this proposition, and stated at the same time what would be the line of division. The Plenipotentiaries of Austria, Prussia, and the Germanic Confederation pronounced against a partition of Schleswig, and declared the views of Denmark inadmissible. All the propositions made were accepted ad referendum—i.e., for reference to the respective Governments. The question of the armistice was not discussed. The Danish Plenipotentiaries presented no counter-proposition.

Several German newspapers announce that the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg are likely to receive the countenance and support of Austria and Prussia. It is even stated that the two allies have already given instructions to their representatives at the Conference designed to pave the way for the Duke's recognition. The Paris papers assert that England, Russia, and Sweden are determined to stipulate at the Conference that, in any arrangement to be made, Kiel shall not become a Federal port nor Rendsburg a Federal fortress.

It is asserted that public opinion at Copenhagen energetically demands a resumption of hostilities, the present season of the year being especially favourable to the Danes. In case of fresh delays arising, their naval strength could but be neutralised by the approach of the bad season.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

POSITIONS OF THE ARMIES.

Our advices from New York, which are to the 21st of May, report that General Lee had not retreated across the river Po, as previously asserted, but up to that date held his ground on the north of Spottsylvania Courthouse; indeed, in the exact position in which the battle of the 13th of May left him. His lines are reported to be very strong. At daybreak on Wednesday, the 18th, Grant again unsuccessfully assaulted Lee's centre and left. After a desperate conflict, lasting throughout the forenoon, the Federals were forced to retreat, with loss of 1200 killed and wounded. An attack by Lee is stated to have been subsequently made upon Grant's front and repulsed.

On Thursday, the 19th, Ewell gained Grant's rear, and attempted the capture of the Federal supply trains. It is said that the Confederates were repulsed, and that the Federals took 300 prisoners, and lost from 700 to 1000 men in killed and missing. Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, announced that 25,000 veteran troops had been sent to reinforce General Grant.

The surprise against Butler appears to have been completely successful. The Confederates captured General Hickman, with nearly his whole brigade and eight or ten cannon, and drove the whole Federal force to their intrenchments at Bermuda. The Federal loss in killed and wounded is admitted to be 2500. General Ransom commanded the Confederates.

General Beauregard, on the 11th, made a détaché to the west of the Petersburg and Richmond Railway, marching in the direction of Richmond, and was believed to have joined Lee. Later telegrams, however, report Beauregard to be in Butler's immediate front, preparing to assault his intrenchments. Longstreet's wound

which was in the shoulder blade, was not considered dangerous. It is stated that he was accidentally shot by one of his own men. General Meade and a party of 500 Federal soldiers were surrounded by the Confederates on the 15th. The General and two of his officers only escaped, the former losing his spectacles. In the recent actions the Federals lost in killed five generals, sixteen colonels and lieutenant-colonels, and a host of other officers; eleven generals wounded or taken; and fifty-one colonels and lieutenant-colonels wounded.

Official despatches from Butler state that on Monday, the 16th, during a thick fog, the Confederates surprised Baldy Smith's forces, and drove them from their position in great confusion and with heavy loss. The Federals subsequently rallied, and the Confederates returned to their defences. Butler was also attacked at the same time, and forced to retire to his intrenchments, near James River.

The report of the defeat of Sigel in the Shenandoah Valley turns out to be correct. He had been attacked, at Newmarket, by Breckinridge, and driven to Strasburg, with the loss of nearly 1000 men and five cannon.

General Sheridan, it is said, penetrated to the outer line of the Richmond defences, where he was attacked by Stuart's cavalry, and driven into Butler's lines at Turkey Island Bend, on James River, with the loss of upwards of 1000 men killed, wounded, and missing. The dashing Confederate Cavalry General Stuart, however, was killed in the engagement. Sheridan reports, under date of the 9th, having destroyed portions of the Fredericksburg and the Virginia Central Railways, and a large quantity of rolling stock and stores; but Confederate despatches of the 11th announce that the damage had been repaired.

Secretary Stanton had published despatches from Sherman, which state that, by a flank movement against Resaca, he had compelled Johnston to evacuate Dalton on the 13th ult. An engagement between the armies of those Generals ensued on the following day, which was continued on Sunday. Sherman admits a loss of 3000 killed and wounded. At midnight Johnston's forces evacuated Resaca, retiring towards Rome. Sherman started in pursuit, after having captured 500 prisoners and ten guns at Dalton. Official despatches to two p.m. on the 20th announce Sherman's arrival at Kingston, seventy miles south of Chattanooga, and that he was still advancing and Johnston retreating. The Federals had occupied Rome.

The fleet under Admiral Dahlgren had engaged the batteries at Charleston, including Sumter, on the 15th, but the result is not reported.

A telegram received in Liverpool states that the Federals had abandoned Baton Rouge and Port Hudson, on the Mississippi. Banks had been compelled to fight his way overland from the Red River to the Mississippi; but the reports of affairs in that quarter are very vague.

Two of the New York papers had published a proclamation, purporting to be issued by President Lincoln on the 17th, which, after presenting the military situation in a most gloomy light and appointing the 26th for fasting and prayer, concludes by calling for 400,000 fresh troops, for whom a peremptory draught was to be made immediately after the 15th of June, if not furnished by that time by volunteering. This document, however, turns out to be a forgery; but Secretary Stanton intimates that a draught would take place on the 1st of July, in order to fill up in the ranks of the army the places of the men whose time had expired, or who had been killed, wounded, and made prisoners.

Mr. Howard, of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, had been arrested, as the author of the forged proclamation, and sent to Fort Lafayette. He had confessed his guilt and implicated others. The Government had suppressed the *World* and *Journal of Commerce* for having published the forged proclamation. Both printing-offices were in possession of the military.

THE BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

The New York correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 17th ult., gives the following summary of the results of the fighting in Virginia up to that date:—

It turns out that Mr. Stanton, in his official reports of the progress and results of the great contest in Virginia on more than one occasion, has mistaken his wishes for facts. General Grant has made no real progress whatever, and General Lee still confronts him at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Both armies have suffered enormous losses, that of Grant an amount variously estimated in this city between 60,000 and 80,000 men. Fredericksburg is literally crammed full of the wounded and the dying. Every house is an hospital, and every room of every house is no sooner emptied of the dead than the dying are thrust into it, to make way, in their turn, for fresh victims of the unhalloved struggle. The streets are impassable for the wounded, who lie all day and night forlorn and unattended to in their last agonies—not for want of pity and sympathy and the desire to show them every possible care and attention, but solely because their numbers are so many that there are not surgeons and nurses to be obtained to look after a tithe of them. Washington is represented to be in a situation scarcely less deplorable. As anticipated in my last, both armies have been compelled by the weather and the state of the roads, as well as by the fearful losses which each has suffered, to pause for awhile in their frightful conflict. Both are receiving reinforcements. Beauregard, leaving Richmond to its defences, and General Butler to be dealt with hereafter, has succeeded in slipping from Petersburg and effecting a junction with General Lee at Spotsylvania. The worst of the work thus remains to be done. If Richmond is to be taken, or General Lee's army annihilated, or compelled to capitulate, it will not be until many battles shall have been fought, as obstinate and bloody as those of the last week. But people in the city who three days ago were sanguine, have had cause to change their opinion of the facility with which the end was to be attained, and are contented to adjourn the consummation, which they still believe to be inevitable, until the 4th of July, a day which they seem to think possessed of a strange influence over the hands, heart, and head of every true Yankee. It is not every one, however, who is equally credulous. General Lee has not yet reached the point where he desires that his antagonist shall meet him for a decisive effort, but seems content in the mean while not only to lure him on to that position by such degrees as suit his purpose, but to inflict upon him at every mile or half mile of his progress an amount of slaughter that would demolish any army less gallant than that of the Potomac. While Grant, with characteristic energy and contempt of life, says he will "pile up his men and conquer at all hazards," Lee—with equal energy and heroism—dars him to come on, whatever may be his numbers; foils every attack which he cannot wildly repel; and on every occasion inflicts at least double the damage which he receives.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

Of the damage inflicted upon the Confederates by General Sheridan they will feel none more deeply than the loss of General J. E. B. Stuart, their most famous cavalry leader. Richmond papers not only give the circumstances of General Stuart's death; they report his funeral service, so that there can be no doubt whatever of the fact. "Jeb" Stuart, as he was familiarly called, was born in Patrick County, Virginia, in 1835. He graduated at West Point in 1854, in the class with the Federal General Howard and the Confederate Generals Pegram, Villepigue, and Long. He entered the Mounted Rifles as Brevet Second Lieutenant; was shortly afterwards made Second Lieutenant in the 1st Cavalry, of which the late Major-General E. V. Sumner was Colonel, the Confederate General Hardee Lieutenant-Colonel, and the late General Sedgwick Junior Major; eight months later he was promoted to First Lieutenant; distinguished himself in a fight with the Cheyennes, June 29, 1857, and received a severe wound; he became Captain in 1860, and was permitted by President Lincoln to resign just three years ago, May 14. He entered the Virginia State service as a Colonel of cavalry, and had the command of that arm at the first battle of Bull Run. In September following he obtained credit for daring and audacity in an attack upon a Federal force at Lewinsville, Virginia, a few miles from the Federal capital. Meanwhile he had been made a Brigadier-General in the Confederate "National" service, and he was now promoted to Major-General. His next performance of consequence was an excursion within the Federal lines on the Pamunkey River, during their Peninsular campaign, at the head of 1000 horse and two guns, in which he destroyed much property and caused a serious panic. He cautiously stated that one object of his raid was to gobble up his father-in-law, Philip St. George Cooke, a loyal Virginian, who was then serving with the army of the Potomac, and who is now one of the Brigadier-Generals of the Federal regular army. "Jeb" Stuart again created a sensation on the 22nd of August following, at Catlett's Station, near the Rappahannock, where, in the midst of a thunderstorm, he came down upon General Pope's head-quarters,

capturing his papers and private correspondence, and all the belongings of the staff. His last and greatest achievement was during the month of October, when, with 1800 cavalry and four cannon, he passed from the south of the Potomac, traversed Maryland, and, passing Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, at noon, entered Chambersburg after dark of that day, which was surrendered without resistance. The troopers remained until next day, took all the spoils they desired, destroyed a great amount of property, and retreated across the Potomac on the left of General McClellan's army without serious loss. He had headed the cavalry of the Confederate army of Virginia from the outset and through all its battles, and was conceded on all hands to be the very ideal of a dashing cavalryman.

THE PRUSSIAN EXACTIONS IN JUTLAND.

The Berlin official *Gazette* a few days ago contained a refutation (as far as mere assertions can constitute one) of the charges brought against the allied armies by foreign journals of having violated or neglected to observe certain stipulations of the armistice. The Prussian journal declares those charges to be partly untrue, partly highly-coloured with a particular object—tendency, a recently-coined German adjective. It declares that no impediments are opposed to trade and intercourse, not only in the parts of Jutland occupied by the army, but between those parts and the other Danish provinces. At Aarhus and Horsens the mail-steamer comes and goes under the Danish flag. The regular course of the administration is unrestricted. Since the commencement of the armistice no contributions have been raised; the merchandise embargoed is still under guard; but nowhere has any step been taken for its sale. The troops are provided from magazines, replenished by German contractors. An arrangement has been entered into with the Danish Government Commissioner at Horsens, in virtue of which the rent of the magazines, of the buildings appropriated as hospitals, and the hire of means of transport levied on the country, are paid for weekly in cash by the troops. A line of demarcation has been agreed upon with the Danish General Gerlach, to avoid possible collisions between the Danish and German soldiers. Nothing, continues the *Gazette*, has been neglected for the fulfilment of the engagements of the Prussian Government. On the other hand, it brings charges against the Danish authorities. Recruiting for the Danish army has been attempted, but not allowed. At Viborg and Mogeltønder, functionaries have been arrested in consequence of such attempts, and recruits detained. The public journals appearing in Jutland have been prohibited from publishing news unfavourable to the allied army. An attempt of the Danish authorities at Aarhus to levy duty on stores intended for the military magazines has been repelled, and the inspector of customs arrested. The Danish officials have not been allowed to retain possession of the telegraph lines, which the allies found in a ruined state and repaired with Austro-Prussian materials. The Prussian *Gazette* sums up by saying that Danish encroachments have been firmly checked, but that on this side the treaty (armistice) concluded has been strictly observed. It is good to hear both sides of a question. The Prussian denial is of a general nature; but it could not be expected to enter into every particular charge that has been brought against the allied Generals and Governments. Nothing is said about the extraordinary rations required for officers and soldiers, and which there seems no doubt have been demanded in some instances.

MR. GLADSTONE ON REFORM.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has published as a pamphlet his recent speech on Extension of the Suffrage, with the following preface:—

In this speech will be found the expression of an opinion that the Legislature should exclude from the franchise on two grounds only. First, it should exclude those who are presumably in themselves unfitted to exercise it with intelligence and integrity. Secondly, it should exclude those with respect to whom it might appear that, though no personal unfitness can be alleged against them, yet political danger might arise from their admission; as, for example, through the disturbance of the equilibrium of the constituent body, or through virtual monopoly of power in a single class.

General statements of principle, advanced in debate, if they are such as, in the view of candid minds, to require explanation, ought to find it in the context of the speech which contains them.

Objection has been taken, and even alarm expressed, with respect to the breadth of the particular statement now in question. I cannot make any other reply than to publish it, as it was delivered, together with its context, and to leave it, subject only to equitable allowance for faults of hasty expression, to the discerning consideration of the reader.

Another objection I could more readily have conceived—namely this, that a proposition, apparently of wide scope, is reduced by large and scarcely definable exceptions within rather narrow limits. Still, the exceptions appeared along with the proposition, and formed part of it.

If, indeed, I am asked whether it was a deliberate and studied announcement, I reply that it was not; it was drawn forth on the moment by a course of argument from the opponents of the measure, which appeared to assume that the present limitations of the franchise, disavowed as they have been by such an accumulation of authority, required no defence from their newly-risen advocates, and were to be accepted without inquiry as in themselves, at least presumptively, good and normal. But I am aware that this circumstance, if the opinion be blamable, will afford no apology.

Further, I spoke with reference to the present, or rather, indeed, with a view to retrieving arrears of the past; and neither time nor, as I think, reason permitted me to attempt the solution of problems of real intricacy which belong wholly to the future, and which are little likely to become practical except for another generation.

If I regret the manner in which my declaration has been interpreted, it is chiefly because of its tendency to produce in other quarters an exaggerated estimate, likely, when brought down to the dimensions of fact, to cause disappointment.

The question is whether the statement be a gratuitous and startling novelty, or whether it is rather the practical revival of a strain which, five years ago, was usual and familiar, which had then derived abundant countenance from the very highest organs of political articulation, and which now only sounds strange because within that period it has fallen into desuetude.

As the opinion of an individual, the whole matter is of trifling consequence; but the consistency of parties and of Parliaments is a subject of weight and moment, for upon this depends that store of public confidence which is of such inexorable necessity and of such inestimable value for the maintenance of our free and happy Government.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.—Between four and five years ago a subscription was set on foot among the College Boat Clubs at Cambridge, for the purpose of raising £250, to be presented to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, for a life-boat. This has now been completed, and the boat, which will be named "The Tom Egan," after the originator of the idea, who was formerly president of the University Boat Club, will be sent to replace the present one at Tramore, on the south coast of Ireland, which boat has been found to be too small for the locality. It is greatly to be hoped that this good example set by Cambridge may ere long be followed by the sister University, and perhaps by some of the public schools, either individually or as a united body.

THE MEMORY OF DANTE.—The committee at Florence charged with the erection of a statue to Dante, having heard that there is now at Verona a family of that name, the present head of which is Count Sarego Alighieri, have addressed to King Victor Emmanuel an application praying him to confer the Florentine patriate, with exemption from taxes, on all the members of that illustrious family and on their male descendants. At the same time the municipality of Florence have, at a general meeting, decided on applying to the authorities of Ravenna, where the mortal remains of the great poet have been deposited since his death, to have them removed to his native city. The interest now shown by the good people of Florence for everything concerning Dante forms a remarkable contrast to the oblivion in which his memory has been so long allowed to remain.

THE POPE AND HIS FAMILY.—Pius IX., now seventy-two, is the youngest surviving son of his family. He has still two brothers, Counts Gabriel and Gaetan, who are eighty-four and eighty years of age. His sister, the Countess Benigni, is seventy-seven. His father, Count Jerome, died at eighty-four, and his mother at eighty-two. His grandfather, Count Hercules, lived to the age of ninety-six. The Mastai family is very numerous. The Pope's eldest brother, Count Gabriel, has two sons, one of whom is married to the Princess del Drago, the other to the niece of Cardinal Cicalini. Count Gaetan is a widower, and has no children. His deceased brother, Count Joseph, who was a Captain in the gendarmery, died without issue; but his four sisters, of whom only one survives, have left a numerous progeny of sons and grandsons. It must be said to the honour of the Pontiff that his brothers, sisters, and their descendants have not cost the State a single penny. None of them has ever been in office or employed in any mission, so that it cannot be said that the elevation of Cardinal Mastai to the supreme dignity has made any addition to the fortunes of his family.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE affairs of Poland have not at present regained their interest in Europe, or at least have come to be regarded without that keen excitement which for some months made them the most prominent topic of conversation. The fact is that there is no lack of sympathy, as the response to the recent calls for pecuniary aid may serve to prove; but Poland remains in an unchanged attitude, and telegrams furnish but little information of any new character. This fact, which in itself, perhaps, lowers the expression of public interest, is certainly the most marvellous condition which could have been anticipated. For Poland to have fought to the death, or to have yielded only to overwhelming numbers, or to have at last roused the indignation of Europe, and so claimed assistance, seemed possible; but for Poland—crushed, hanged, deported, scourged, and subjected to every form of depression—to have held out so long single-handed as almost to have tired her opponent, is much more marvellous, especially as it can scarcely be denied that she fought, suffered, conquered even, against ultimate hope. According to the Russian registers, the number of Poles transported to Siberia up to February last was 87,500, and hanging, shooting, and imprisonment have never been stayed; yet in the face of all this the insurgents fought on desperately whenever they had a chance, and little devoted bands of gallant men went into battle for a cause to which, having devoted all else, they were willing to sacrifice their lives. One of the latest of these gallant companies, which was formed in the province of Minsk, was under the command of Arbatowski. Having fought successfully against a Russian force after long and fatiguing marches, they had scarcely reached their encampment before the news arrived by a courier that Sigismund Minski had been met by a superior number of the enemy and had been forced from his position at Nowogrodek. Without waiting to hear more, and notwithstanding their fatigue, the band of Arbatowski hastened to the succour of his friend. The Russians, who were surprised by this intervention, occupied the road in separate detachments, and near the village of Slouska, on the road to Nowogrodek, two Muscovite companies charged the little Polish band with tremendous effect. The Polish leader endeavoured to force the passage in order to help Minski; but, after strenuous efforts, the two bands were compelled to retire, and, after reuniting, effected an orderly retreat without leaving any prisoners in the hands of the Russians. Our Engraving represents the detachment of Arbatowski at the moment of its entering the village of Slouska.

A MARRIAGE-PARTY IN BETZINGEN.

THE traveller by railway from Munich or from Vienna will, if he has not been comfortably asleep during the journey, have admired the view of that picturesque chain of mountains which is traversed between Stuttgart and Ulm. They are, in fact, the Swabian Alps, Swabia being one of the circles into which the German empire was anciently divided, now occupied by the Grand Duchy of Baden, the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and the western part of Bavaria. This spur of the great mountain chain extends towards the south, and encloses complete populations of the most picturesque and original character within its embrace. One of these odd out-of-the-way places is assuredly Betzingen, a little, unpretending village, lying between the pretty town of Rottlingen (which stands on a branch of the Neckar, near the Royal Wurtembergian domain of Achalm) and Tübingen, the seat of the celebrated old University of Upper Neckar, where the poet Uhland lately died.

This village of Betzingen is one of those wonderful little places where the inhabitants preserve with the utmost fidelity the costumes and the customs of their ancestors, believing that virtue and conservatism are almost if not quite synonymous. It may well be believed that all the great social ceremonies are made the most of amongst the Betzingers, and that the most important ceremony of all is attended with as much display as so simple a people can command for the occasion. The betrothal, the marriage, and the presentation of the wedding-gifts are events which are always accompanied with feasting and general holiday-making; and the nuptial procession (represented in our Engraving) is in the highest degree lively and imposing. On leaving the church the bridal cortege is formed, preceded by the musicians, who have the post of honour assigned to them, and this is the commencement of a complete fête, announced at the moment when the happy pair emerge from the sacred portal, by the firing of small arms from all the higher points of the village. These signals prepare everybody within earshot for a day of feasting and hilarity—everybody, that is, except the conventionally "happy pair" themselves, who must expect, during the whole time, to be subject to the time-honoured jokes and pleasantries of rustic humourists.

The costumes of the people during these festivities are the quaintest that can well be imagined, the women adopting only a slight modification of their ordinary attire, and being chiefly remarkable for the elaborate manner in which they arrange their hair, either by braiding it into long plaits or fastening it with intricate combs, and ribbons streaming downward almost to the feet. The bride and bride-maids are distinguished, however, by circular veils of lacework, which are fastened to their small caps in such a way as to droop all round the face, with the lower edge extended like a small umbrella, so that their heads as they walk look like so many semi-transparent mushrooms. Not one of the women would consider herself fully dressed without the traditional apron; and when to this is added the gay ribbons, charms, and necklaces which adorn their dresses, they present a striking appearance from the skilful combination of all sorts of gay colours.

The most remarkable person, however, is the bridegroom, who, like the principal musician, adopts the severely-prescribed costume for all ceremonial occasions. We cannot tell whether or not he feels really comfortable in it; but his appearance, is suggestive of an odd combination of ideas to every English mind—remembrances, in fact, of Chelsea Hospital and Jack Shephard, with a little touch of Caspar in the "Miller and his Men," and seen in Skelt's "penny plain and twopenny coloured" theatrical characters. Still, whatever may be the defects of a large three-cornered or shovel hat, a voluminous single-breasted coat and embroidered continuations, ending in a bunch of ribbons and long boots, the dress has at least the merit of some bright colour and of ceremonial observance.

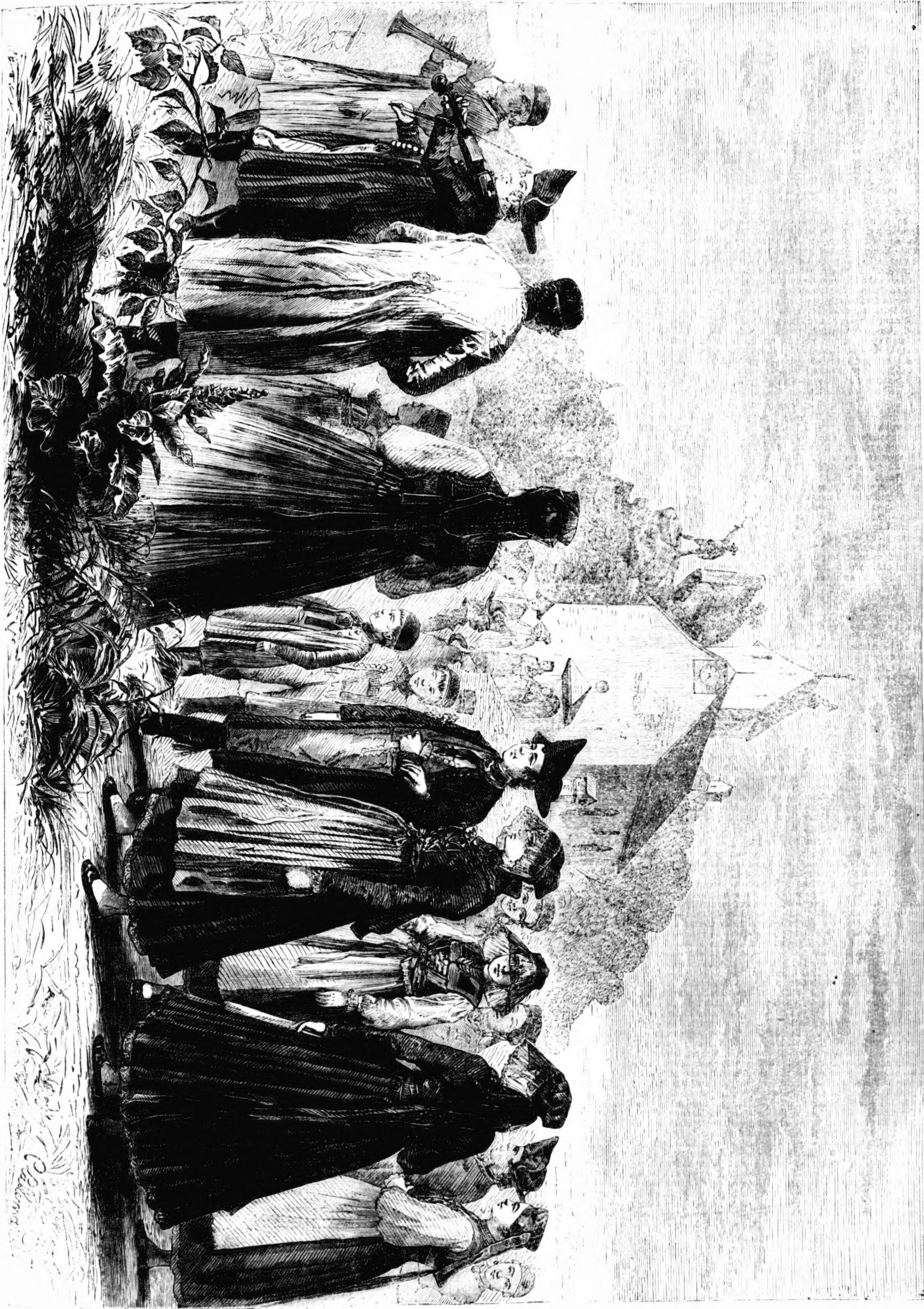
SILVIO PELLICO.—A Tarin letter says:—"The death of the Marquis de Barolo, of this place, has revived an incident of interest to the literary world. In the house of this lady Silvio Pellico passed the last twenty years of his life, and at his death left several unpublished writings in her possession. The heirs of Silvio Pellico claimed those works in order to publish them, but without success; but M. Brian, a friend of the author, being now provided with a regular authorisation, is preparing to establish the rights of the family. Among the manuscripts said to have been left by the prisoner of Spielberg is a biography which embraces a period anterior to the 'Prigione,' besides several religious dramas and a tragedy."

PAPER COLLARS.—It is said the rebels captured at Mansfield two waggon loads with paper collars, and that General Dick Taylor returned the collars, through a flag of truce, with a letter to General Banks, in which the facetious rebel said—"I have boiled, baked, and stewed these things, and can do nothing with them. We cannot eat them. They are a luxury for which we have no use, and I would like, therefore, to exchange them for a like quantity of hard tack." The joke is a good one, and has convulsed the Western boys, who have no great admiration for the "Liberator of Louisiana." When the Western troops passed General Banks's head-quarters, coming into Alexandria, they groaned, jeered, and called aloud, "How about those paper collars?"—*New York paper.*

A DUTCH JAPANESE.—A native of Holland, who disappeared some years ago, has turned up in Paris as a member of the Japanese Embassy. His father had remained in Holland, but, being unsuccessful in business, he came to Paris. Here his resources soon failed him, and, on writing to a friend to solicit a small loan, he received the following letter in reply:—"I send you the money you ask for, and add to it the photographic portraits of the Japanese Embassy. You will remark the face of one of those strangers, for he is the very image of your son." The father could not but perceive the resemblance; the features were certainly the same; but the closely-shaven head and the Oriental costume greatly puzzled him. He, however, went to the courtyard of the hotel in which the Embassy was staying, and was so fortunate as to arrive just as the Japanese were passing to go out. The original of the portrait he at once recognised, and called out, "Is that you, Franz?" In a moment the son—for Franz it really was—and the old man were locked in each other's arms.



A DETACHMENT OF POLISH INSURGENTS PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF SLOUSKA ON THE ROAD TO NOWOGRODEK — (FROM A SKETCH BY M. CAURELL)



A WEDDING AT BERZINGEN, IN THE SCABIAN ALPS.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 233.

NO MORE HOLIDAYS.

No more holidays until the long holiday shall arrive. Easter is gone past and has sunk below the horizon. We have celebrated Whitsuntide, kept the Queen's birthday, and devoted a day to the English Isthmian Games, and now we must sit down to a steady two months' work. "Nor must we have any more count-outs, Messieurs the Whippers-in, mark you that. We have many a campaign before us, and must have no skulking. Every man must be kept at his post, not even at dinner-time must your fellows leave the house. There are good dinners to be had in the refreshment-room—and as good, now that Lucas reigns, as they can get at their clubs—and there they must dine or go without dinner. For consider what you have to do. Two-thirds of the Session has slipped away, and you lack yet some two hundred votes in Supply, and have, moreover, sundry bills of more or less importance to get through the House; and so to work, my friends, and no more idleness nor skulking." "A count-out now and then on Tuesdays, if we can get it; surely we may have that, as Tuesdays are members' nights." "No, not even Tuesdays, for if you do not keep the House on Tuesdays for the members they will be chatting on going into Supply. Tuesday nights are our safety-valves, through which we get our superfluous steam blown off. According to Buckle's theory, every member has, on the average, so much talking power. During the Session, do what you will, there will be a certain number of speeches made. If, therefore, this talking power be not expended on Tuesday it will explode on Wednesday or Thursday, which are Government nights. You will please, therefore, not to count out on Tuesdays, but keep sedulously to the collar every night for the next two months." This, then, is the order of the day, or, rather, of the night, for in the House of Commons we turn day into night. When the bats sally from the towers of the old abbey, and the mousing owl goes abroad for his prey, we are hard at work; and when the lark, and the thrush, and the blackbird begin to tune their pipes for their matin song, and the sun gilds the fretwork of Henry VII.'s Chapel, we are wending our way home to bed. We shall have, we expect, a dull time during the next two months; for it seems to be now understood that there is to be no serious fighting, and on the paper there are no bills which will evoke much discussion. Some two or three Irish bills—notably an Irish game bill—look minatory, but they will probably be relegated to morning sittings, when even Irishmen are dull.

AN OLD SONG.

On Thursday week Mr. Hennessy brought forward his long-promised motion upon the wrongs of Poland; and he made a very long speech about the same; but whether it was a good speech or a bad speech we cannot say, for, in truth, we did not hear enough of it to decide upon its merits. Pastrycooks' boys, it is said, seldom eat pastry; they see so much of it, they smell it so constantly, that they get disgusted with it. In like manner, we are glad to avoid speechifying, especially as the Session is getting towards its close; we get cloyed with it, and the very thought of a long speech makes us shudder—as a child shudders when in imagination he takes his rhubarb over again. Moreover, this subject of Poland is now dead, stale, and unprofitable. There never was much life in it. That which appeared to be life was only the reluctant action of a politico-galvanic battery, and not real vitality. At least, so it appeared to us. It was made a party stalking-horse to cover attacks upon the Government, or was taken up as a subject out of which political capital might be extracted, or seized upon as a ladder whereby ambitious aspirants might mount to Fame. And here we may mention, by way of giving our readers a little peep into the Inner Life of the House, that it is not uncommon for young men, and especially young lawyers, when they enter the house, to look out for some subject by means of which they may lift themselves into notice. "What on earth," said a friend of ours to a young lawyer, "do you know of the matter on which I see you have a notice on the paper, and how came you to be interested in it?" "At present," said the young lawyer, with a wink, "I know nothing about it, as I have not yet got up my case; and I am interested in it thus far and no more—I want to try myself before the House, in the first place; and, secondly, to show my constituents that I can get listened to here." We have several standing subjects which have thus been used for years. "The Danish Claims" is one; "Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister" is another. The first of these has been before the House for half a century; the second for at least a dozen years. And we doubt whether the advocates of either—and they may be numbered by scores—ever cared a straw about the matter on which they discoursed so eloquently. But they had their reward; for though the Danish claims have never been recognised, and though marriage with a deceased wife's sister is still unlawful, the advocates talked themselves into prominence if not into fame, and some, it is said, through these openings got into place. Here then, readers, is a peep into our Inner Life; and please to note it well, for it will explain much that is mysterious and will solve not a few puzzles.

MR. HENNESSY.

Do we, then, say that Mr. Hennessy was not sincere? By no means. That be far from us. We speak generally, and apply our remarks to no one in particular. We may, however, say that, if any of the gentlemen who have declaimed and argued on the wrongs of Poland are sincere, Mr. Hennessy is likely to be so; for the Poles are Roman Catholic brethren in distress; and community of religious faith is one of the strongest ties that bind man to man. But, if Mr. Hennessy be sincere, how was it that he made so dull and unimpassioned a speech? for, in truth, he was very dull and wearisome, very jejune and dry, handling his subject more like a Chancery barrister at the bar of the House of Lords than a Parliamentary orator, or as if he were discussing a turnpike-road bill rather than the wrongs of Poland. This Polish question is not of itself dry. There are some topics which come before the House which no genius can make lively, except that of Mr. Gladstone, and he would enchant your ear if he were to lecture upon the multiplication table. But the wrongs of Poland is a theme on which Dryadust himself might be expected to be forcible and eloquent, and has in itself "the motive and cue of passion." In short, there is no subject more calculated than this to call forth all an orator's powers. How was it, then, that Mr. Hennessy made a dull speech? Well, to begin with, Mr. Hennessy is not an orator. He is not even a lively speaker; not by any means so lively as he was when he first came into the House. When he first entered Parliament, and had the ear of the House to gain, and a position to make, he was lively, if not forcible; but lately he has quietly dropped into the lawyer's tone and manner, and bids fair soon to be as dry as the driest of old Chancery Whigs. Oh, these Parliamentary lawyers! They are the very reverse of the prophet who with his prophesying caused dry bones to live. They turn all subjects, however full of life and interest, into dry bones by a touch. But, further, Mr. Hennessy must have felt that he was advocating a hopeless cause, and no poet can sing, no advocate declaim, without the inspiration of hope; and, lastly, he had a dull audience. True, it is the function of the advocate to move his audience, but if the orator be conscious that the audience cannot be moved, feels that he is talking to mere stocks and stones, he soon becomes like them. Given, then, a dull speaker, a dead subject, and a dull audience, no wonder that we had a dull speech.

PALMERSTON REDIVIVUS.

When Mr. Hennessy sat down, Lord Palmerston promptly rose. We watched for his rising with some interest; we wished to see if that serious attack of podagra had made any sensible difference in the appearance of the noble Lord; and we have to report that at the distance at which we stood we could discern very little. In form, and vigour, and general appearance his Lordship looks much as he has done during the last ten years; and when he began his speech it was at once manifest that his lungs are not impaired, and that he made much of this soundness of the lungs. "Given, a broad chest and good digestion," said a physician to us the other day, "and it is not a few attacks of the gout will overthrow a man." Nor was it possible to imagine, whilst listening to the Premier's speech, that his

mental powers had in any way suffered. As usual, his Lordship had no notes, nor did he need any. Whether he had to refer to Mr. Hennessy's statements or Earl Russell's despatches, or historic events, near or remote, his memory served him, and he needed neither notes nor promptings. In reasoning his Lordship seemed to us to be as clever and acute as ever, and it was specially pleasant to note that he possessed the same sagacity in seizing hold of the weak points of his opponent, and deftly avoiding the strong, for which his Lordship has ever been noted. In fine, we may say that this illness has only laid upon the Premier an additional shade of age, perceptible enough when he walks across the lobby, but hardly to be discerned as you view him from the gallery as he stands at the table.

A HOPELESS CAUSE.

After Lord Palmerston we had Mr. Grant Duff, and Mr. Scully, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Layard, and there was a little smart interlocutory sparring between the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Lord Palmerston, in which the noble Lord, mangle the goat, had clearly the best of it; but none of these practised debaters could inspire the discussion with real life. Dull it was when it began, and dull it continued to the end. In short, the debate had all the appearance of a sham. "It will all end in nothing," said we to a shrewd member who can see into these Parliamentary moves as far as most people. "Of course," was the reply. "Was it intended that it should end in anything else?" And yet with what flourishing of trumpets the debate was heralded, and how careful Mr. Hennessy was to have a clear ground for the fight, and how anxious he was that the Premier should be present, as though he should say, "No, Mr. Under-Secretary Layard, you will not do. In so important a matter as this, involving the fate of a great and gallant people and the policy of the English Government, we must have the chief himself here." "What, then, you think it was all a sham?" "All a sham, my friend; all a sham—a mere firework." And, just as our friend spoke, there came out of the house Count Zamoyski and half a dozen more noble Poles who had come down to hear their country's cause pleaded in the British Parliament. We hope they did not think it a sham, poor fellows! Count Zamoyski belongs to the race of the old Polish kings. For many years he has been an exile, wandering about like a ghost; and whenever Poland or Polish wrongs are discussed, he wanders hither, hoping against hope, to see if there be any hope; but hitherto all has been dark—

Hope for a season bade the world farewell.

And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell,

sang the Bard of Hope, and still the "season" lasts—threatens now, indeed, to be eternal. There was no division. At 7.30 the debate was all over, and Mr. Augustus Smith was droning.

MR. COBDEN.

We have had, if we remember rightly, three set debates on China this Session. Yes, reader, and possibly we may have three more. For, though China lies at the distance of half the circumference of the globe from our shores, we have vast interests there. Witness the fact that we have lying in Chinese waters some forty-six ships of war, besides some other ten vessels belonging to the English Government. The first two debates on China did not attract much notice, having been rather dull affairs. On Tuesday last, however, we had really an important, if not a lively, debate upon China. And the reason was this. A master came upon the scene—a performer who always attracts a crowd of members, and stamps with importance everything which he touches. Mr. Cobden began his speech about five o'clock, and from the time he rose until the last sentence fell from his lips the House was unusually full; every eye was upon the speaker, and the attention which the honourable member secured and held was worth noting. The power with which Mr. Cobden holds the House of Commons is very remarkable. He is not an orator. He is not what some critics would call eloquent; his manner is not specially attractive, nor is his voice particularly musical; and we have known more than one man, after listening to him for a time, turn away disappointed. But whenever it is known that he is about to speak, all the wandering members rush into the house to hear him. He seizes their minds at once, and can hold their attention as long as he continues upon his legs. Now, how is this? Well, to answer this question fully would demand more space than we have to spare. Suffice it to say that, in our opinion, Cobden's power lies in his knowledge of his subject, his ability to impart that knowledge intelligibly to his hearers; his clear, acute, logical, comprehensive mind; and last, though not least, in his thorough honesty and sincerity of purpose. Cobden, to us, dwells in light. He honestly wishes all to be brought within the circle of his own radiance; and he can and does, whenever he speaks, succeed in doing what he sincerely intends.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 27.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Brougham brought under the notice of their Lordships the subject of middle-class examination, and Earl Stanhope called attention to the report of the Public Schools Commission.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.
THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

Mr. LAYARD, in answer to a question, said that a despatch of the 15th of May to Count Bernstorff, declaring that Prussia considered herself freed from the obligations of the Treaty of 1862, had not been officially communicated to her Majesty's Government. All the knowledge they had of it was that their Ambassador at Berlin had sent a copy of it taken from the newspapers.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. D. Griffith, said that the German troops in Jutland were now supplied by contracts made in Hamburg. Orders had been issued by the Prussian Government that all contributions levied on and after the 12th should be restored to the persons from whom they were taken.

REGISTRATION OF TITLES IN IRELAND.

Mr. V. SCULLY moved for a Royal Commission to inquire into the best system of registering titles in Ireland.

Mr. O'HAGAN said the subject had already received attention, and a bill in the subject would shortly be introduced, though he did not think it could be carried through this Session.

After some discussion, Mr. Scully's motion was withdrawn.

PUBLIC MEETINGS IN THE PARKS.

Mr. WHALLEY called attention to the instructions issued to the police in reference to meetings in the parks. Some explanation was required. The manner in which the police had acted was an evidence of the latitude which would be taken by them if they were allowed to interfere with the rights of the public in regard to public meetings. Their conduct was dangerous, and must bring the law into contempt.

Mr. AYTON asked what authority the Government claimed to exercise over the parks?

Sir G. GREY said the parks were Crown property, and the Crown had, therefore, the right to issue regulations as to the manner in which the parks were to be enjoyed. The notice of 1862 was issued by Sir R. Mayne on his (Sir G. Grey's) authority, in consequence of riotous meetings in the parks. The superintendent of police on the occasion of the Primrose-hill meeting had exceeded his duty, and had been reprimanded for it. Permission had been given for peaceful meetings.

MONDAY, MAY 30.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

NEW ZEALAND.

Lord LYTTELTON inquired the intentions of the Government with regard to the application of the New Zealand Government for a loan, with an imperial guarantee, and called attention to the present state of affairs between the colonial authorities and the natives.

Earl GRANVILLE pointed out the difficulty of solving the New Zealand problem, and paid a high tribute to our military and naval forces for their conduct in prosecuting the war. It had become expedient to call upon the colonies to bear a considerable share of the expenditure incurred for war carried on in their defence, and he thought it was desirable that measures should be adopted for bringing the natives more directly under Government control than had hitherto been done, but how that was to be accomplished was a matter which required great consideration. The first object must be to establish authority over the natives. The noble Lord added that the Home Government had assented to the Suppression of Rebellion Act and to the Confiscation Act passed by the local Legislature.

Lord Lytton, the Earl of Chancery, and Earl Grey, all denounced the measures taken by the colonial Legislature in reference to the natives.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.
THE MERSEY RAILS.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in reply to Mr. Hodgkinson, recounted the circumstances in connection with the purchase by the Government of the Mersey steam-rails. The Government, before the seizure, offered to buy the ships. The offer was refused, and the ships seized subsequently. M. Bravay, the alleged owner of the vessels, offered to sell them at a price which was considered too large, and his offer was declined. Later, he asked the Government what price they would give, and the terms of purchase were agreed upon, the alleged owners still maintaining that there had been no violation of the law on their part. Doubts as to the construction of the Foreign Enlistment Act had no considerable influence with the Government in making the arrangement. The purchase was not regarded as the condonation of an offence committed by the defendants. The Government thought the law as it stood sufficient to check malpractices, and he did not think this transaction would operate as a premium to shipbuilders to speculate in building vessels of war for belligerents. The price paid for the ships was £195,000, and a further sum of £25,000 for their completion. The price first asked was £300,000.

THE SPIRIT DUTIES.

On the order for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. WHITESIDE moved as a resolution that, in the opinion of the House, it was expedient that the existing duties on spirits should be reduced. The right hon. gentleman urged that the increase of duty imposed in 1860 had resulted in a gradual and steady diminution of the manufacture and consumption of spirits in Scotland and Ireland, and an enormous growth of illicit trading. The falling off in Irish distillation alone was upwards of 5,000,000 gallons within a year, and he thought that fact was of itself sufficient to demonstrate the impolicy of maintaining and perpetuating excessive duties.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed the motion, and after a short discussion it was withdrawn.

MR. HOME, THE SPIRITUALIST.

Mr. ROEBUCK called attention to the treatment which Mr. Home had received when in Rome, and asked what steps the Government had taken to protect Mr. Home from the treatment of the Papal Government.

Mr. LAYARD said he did not see there was anything in the case to call for the interference of the British Government.

After a few words from Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Scully, the subject dropped.

SUPPLY.—CIVIL SERVICE ESTIMATES.

The House then went into Committee on the Civil Service Estimates, and were occupied for some hours in the discussion of several votes.

TUESDAY, MAY 31.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

The second reading of the Penal Servitude Amendment Bill was moved by Lord Granville, and a discussion on its provisions occupied their Lordships during the greater part of the sitting.

Lord HOUGHTON regretted that transportation had been abandoned. He condemned the proposed supervision by the police in respect to holders of tickets of leave and said he should move amendments relating thereto in Committee. He regretted also that to some extent the reformatory treatment had been abandoned.

Lord CRANWORTH supported the bill. He saw no harm in the provisions condemned by the noble Lord.

Lord TAUNTON expressed his opinion that a return to transportation was impossible.

Lord CARNARVON did not think transportation had anything to do with the bill. He supported the clauses providing for police supervision.

Earl GREY supported the bill, but pointed out several defects which, he conceived, would require amendment.

After a few words from Lord Lichfield, the bill was read a second time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SPAIN AND PERU.

Mr. LAYARD stated, in answer to Mr. Weyuelin, that on Saturday last the Government received despatches from the British Minister at Lima giving an account of the seizure of the Chincha Islands by a Spanish naval squadron. It appeared that the Spanish Minister had made a demand upon the Peruvian Government, which was not complied with, and thereupon, without further notice, the squadron took possession of these islands. He understood, however, that the loading of guano for British subjects would not be interrupted; but he had not yet received any statement from the Spanish Government of the reasons which had led to those proceedings.

CHINA.

Mr. COBDEN moved a declaratory resolution to the effect that the policy of non-intervention by force of arms in the internal political affairs of foreign countries, which we professed to observe in our relations with the States of Europe and America, should be observed in our intercourse with the empire of China. In reviewing the state of our relations with that country the hon. member insisted that it was of the most unsatisfactory character, especially so far as our commerce was concerned. The hon. member said that the wisest course for the House to adopt was, at the commencement of the next Session, to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into our commercial relations with China and Japan; and impressed upon the House and the commercial community that it was equally their duty and their interest to show to these Pagan nations the superior brightness of our Christianity and our civilisation.

Mr. LAYARD combated at some length the statements and arguments of Mr. Cobden, and observed that if her Majesty's Government had followed the advice given them on various sides of the House the most disastrous results would have ensued, not only to our commerce with China, but to the lives of a large number of British subjects.

The debate was continued by Lord Naas, Mr. B. Cochrane, Mr. Liddell, Colonel Sykes, Mr. Glyn, and Mr. Kinglake.

Lord PALMERSTON defended the policy of the Government. Our wars with that country had been the natural consequence of communication between a highly-civilised and a half-civilised people. He justified the wars in which we had been engaged with China, and said they would have been more frequent had not the monopoly of the East India Company been abolished. The effect of our policy had been to increase our trade, and those persons who wished by a change of policy to narrow our foreign markets were, in fact, taking the bread out of the mouths of the working classes of this country and depriving them of the means of earning it. He believed the course taken by the Government had the approval of the country, and he was certain it would be of benefit to our commerce.

Mr. BRIGHT severely denounced the manner in which the noble Lord had dealt with the question. He had defended a policy which had been fraught with unutterable horrors, and had charged Mr. Cobden with disregard of the trading interests of the country, than which nothing could be more unjust. It was clear to every member of the House that a policy of intermeddling was a policy of idiocy. He hoped, however, that the noble Lord would still learn that he was not infallible, and would change his policy.

Mr. COBDEN then withdrew his motion.

EDUCATIONAL INSPECTORS' REPORTS.

Lord PALMERSTON moved the appointment of the Committee on Educational Inspectors' Reports.

Mr. CLAY moved as an amendment that the matter be investigated by a Committee of five members to be named by the General Committee of Elections.

This amendment was opposed by Lord R. Cecil, and a long discussion ensued. Eventually, after two divisions, the debate was adjourned.

TOLLS ON THE THAMES BRIDGES.

Mr. Alderman Salomons obtained leave to bring in a bill the object of which is to make free the toll bridges across the Thames.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1.
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TESTS ABOLITION (OXFORD) BILL.

On Mr. Dodson moving that the House go into Committee on this bill, Mr. TREFUSIS moved that the House go into Committee that day six months. The bill sought to introduce a new principle into the University, which ought not to be done without good reason being shown. This had not been shown. This bill was not required by the country, and, if passed, it would do much to disserve the Established Church from the University.

Mr. LEATHAM said the real reason why the bill was opposed was because it was a concession to Nonconformity, which some gentlemen always seemed to think was a blow aimed at the Church of England. They had heard the same argument of the Church in danger too often to be alarmed at it. At present they might have in the governing body of the Universities Bishops who did not believe in Noah's Ark, but they refused admission to Dissenters who did believe in Noah's Ark, but did not believe in Bishops.

A long debate ensued, in which Colonel Clifford, Sir S. Northcote, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Neale, Lord R. Cecil, Mr. Henley, Sir George Grey (who supported the bill), and other hon. members took part, after which the motion to go into Committee was carried by 236 to 226. The House then went into Committee, pro forma, progress being immediately reported.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

DEFENCES OF BRISTOL CHANNEL.

Earl DE GREY and RIFON stated, in answer to a question from Lord Portman, that negotiations were now being carried on with a view to erecting defences in Bristol Channel. Sites at several points had already been purchased, and a Parliamentary grant would be moved for as soon as it was necessary.

MORTGAGES DEBENTURE BILL.

Lord REDESDALE moved that their Lordships go into Committee upon this bill. The bill was for the purpose of authorising the establishment of public companies to lend money on the security of land which would be mortgaged to the company.

Some discussion took place as to the purport and details of the measure; after which the bill passed through Committee, the 22nd clause, which empowered trustees to invest their money in the improvement of land, having been withdrawn with the view to another clause being framed.

EDUCATION.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.
(In all cases to be paid in advance.)
STAMPED EDITION TO GO FREE BY POST.
Three Months, 4s. 4d. | Six Months, 8s. 8d. | Twelve Months, 17s.
Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies.
Post Office Orders to be made payable to Thomas Fox, Strand Branch.
Office, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

THE NEW BILL ON PENAL SERVITUDE.

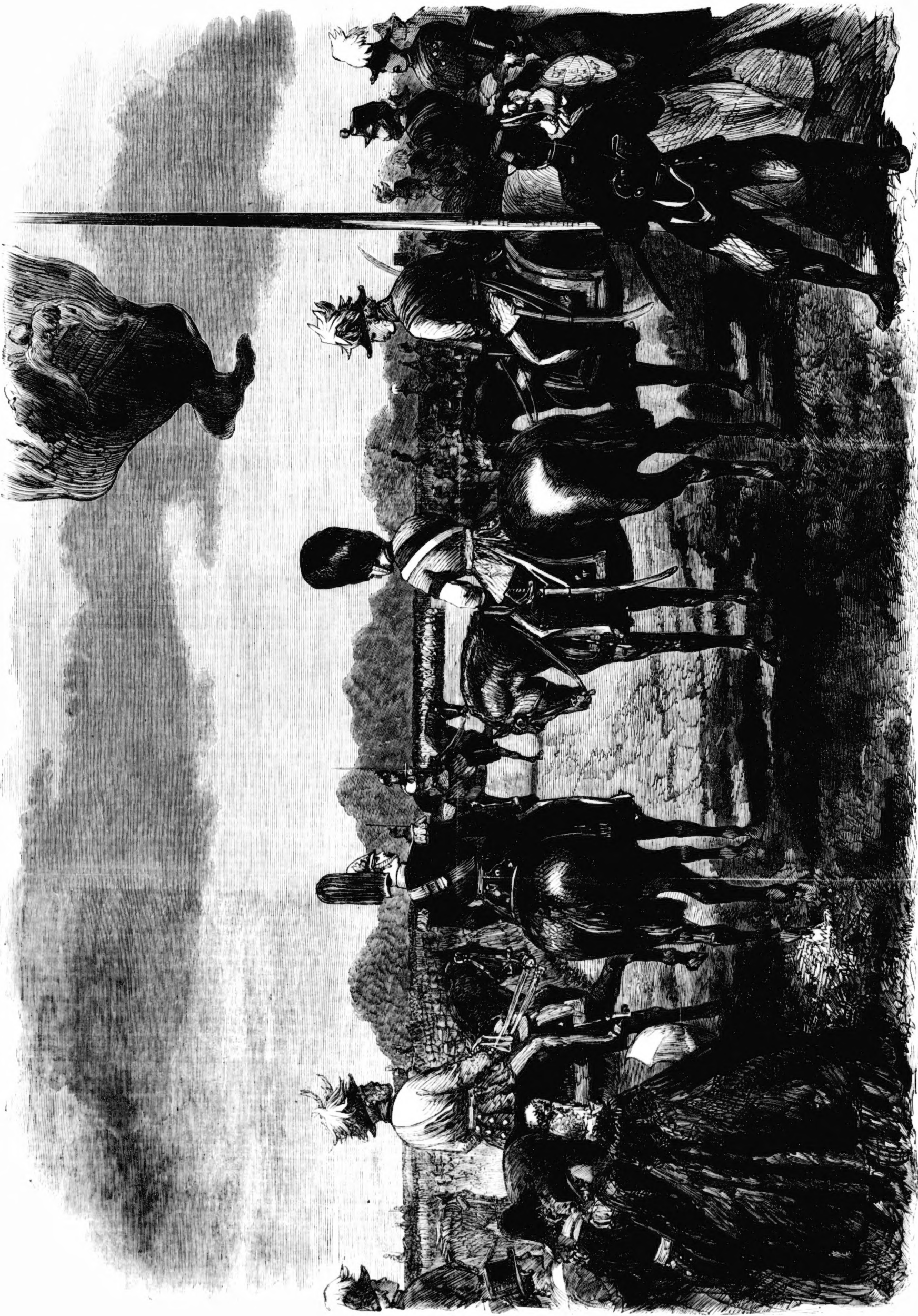
But what is to be done? To ascertain this it is necessary to resort to first principles. That of repression by terror of punishment is notoriously vain and futile. No thief turns honest because his comrade has been punished. What, then, is the use of punishment? That which is required is the removal of the thief from contaminating influences which compel him to remain dishonest to the end of his days. This object

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

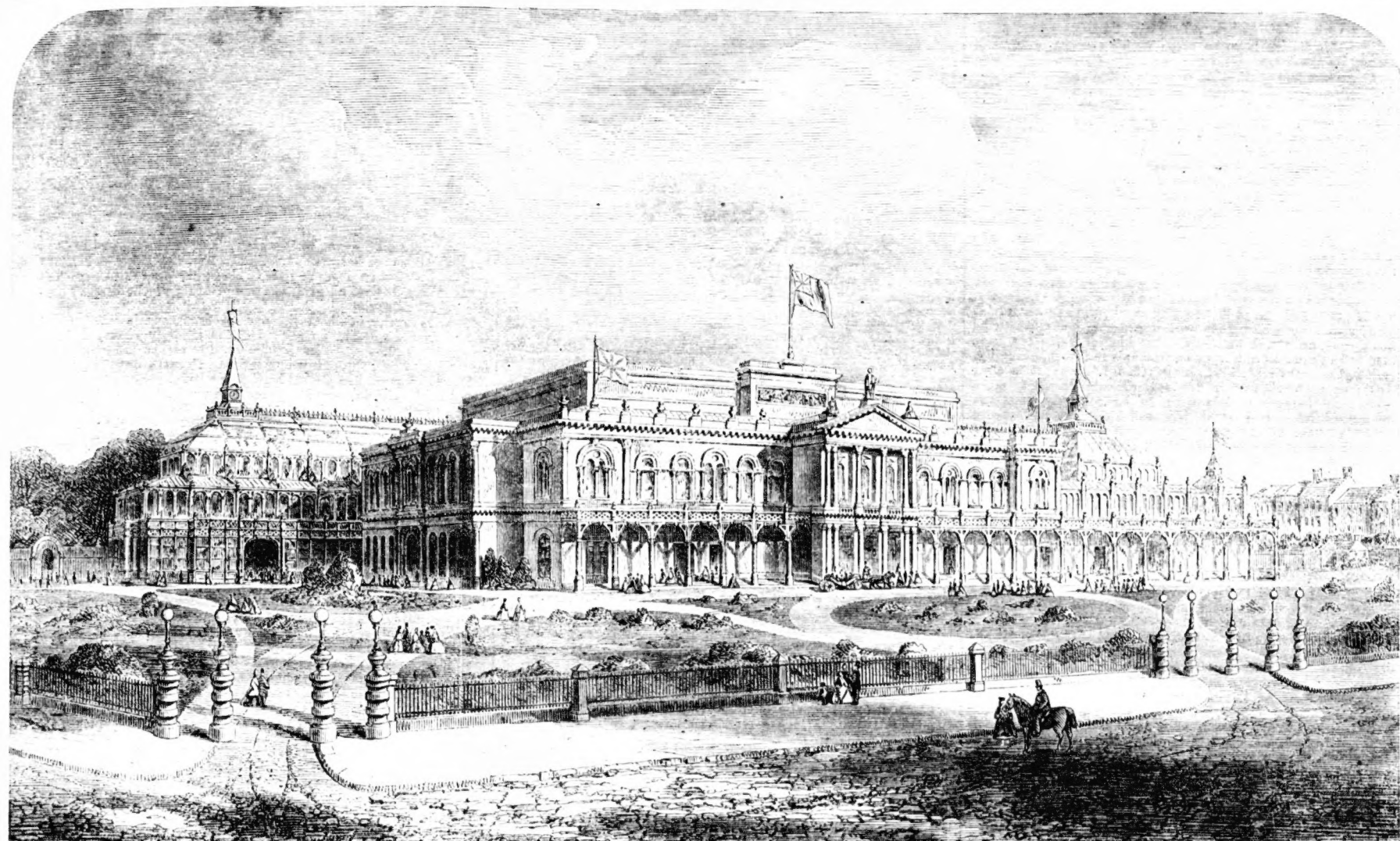
relatives and families. The employers do not appear inclined to concede the demands of the men. Strikes in other towns of the west have also taken place.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT DUBLIN.

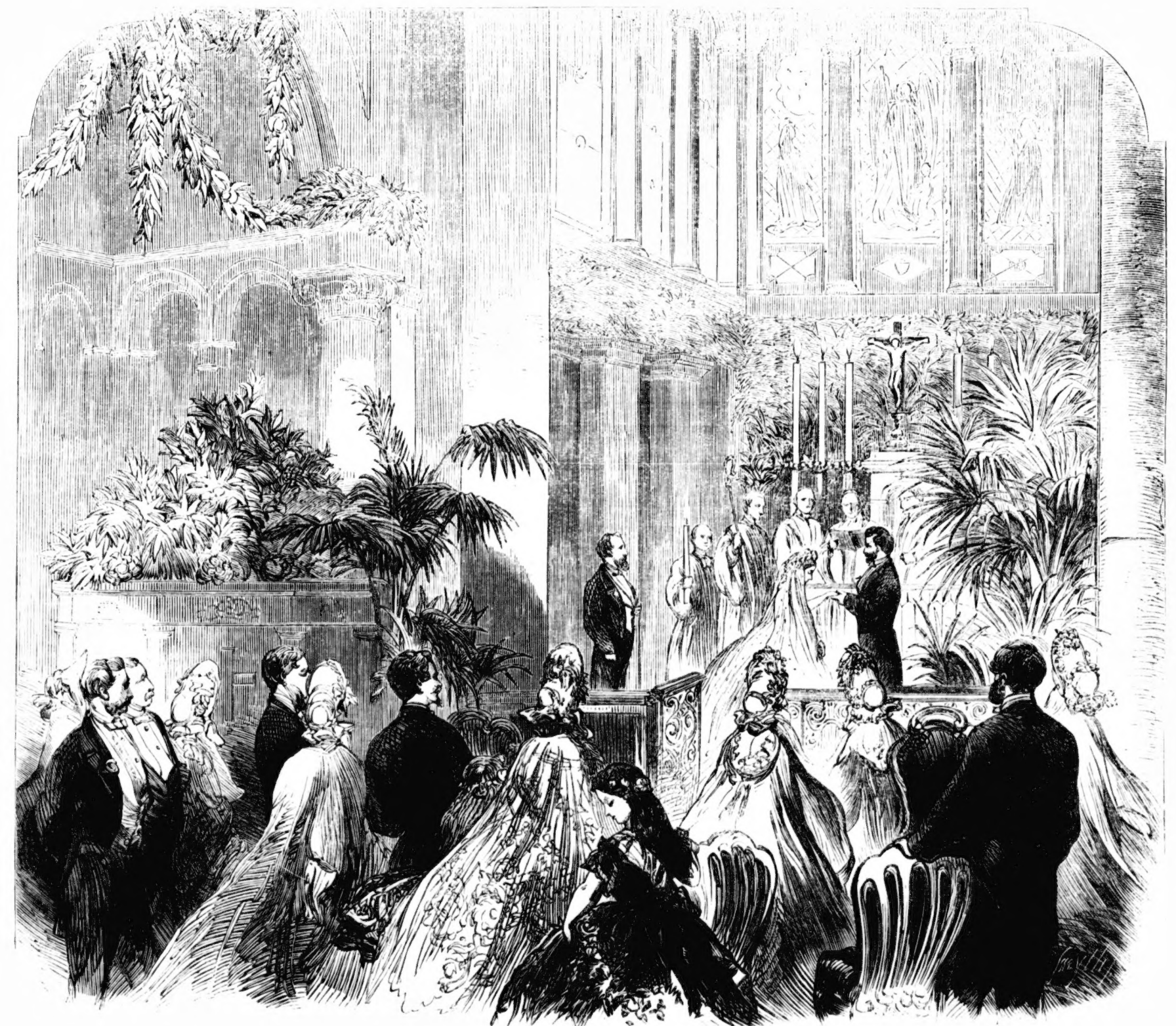
A TIPPERARY TURK.—During the operations of the allies in the Crimea it was resolved to carry the water in from a beautiful spring of the finest croton of the camp. Leather pipe or hose was employed, which was laid on the ground. One morning, while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayers, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went on his knees to praise Allah. Unfortunately, he went down upon the hose, and his weight suddenly stopped the current of that "first of elements," as Fındar calls water. "Get up," cried an English soldier, "Voulez vous arrêter la bonte, mon cher Monsieur la Turque," cried a Frenchman, with his native politeness, "to get up." "That ain't the way to make the Turk move," cried another. "This is the dodge." So saying, he knocked the turban off. Still the pious Musselman went on with his devotion. "I'll make him stir his stumps," said the other Englishman, giving him a remarkably hard kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbated, well-kicked follower of the Prophet went on praying as though he was a forty-borne parson. "Hoot aw, mon; I'll show you how we serve obstinate folks at Auld Reekie," quietly observed a Scotchman. He was, however, prevented; for the Turk, having finished his "Allah vin en Allah," rose, and began to take off his coat, then to roll up his sleeves, and then to put himself in the most approved boxing attitude, à la Yankee Sullivan. He then advanced in the Tom Sayers style to the Englishman who had kicked him in the lumbe region. "A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art. The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with the Turk of such a John Bull turn of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master. In five minutes he had received his *quantum sufficit*. As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the standing bystanders, in the pure brogue, "Bad luck to ye, ye cussens! Whin ye're after kickin' a Turk, I'd advise ye, the next time, to be shure he's not an Irishman!" The mystery was solved—the Turk was a Tipperary man.—*American Paper.*



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS STAFF AT THE VOLUNTIER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.



THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION PALACE AND WINTER GARDEN.—(A. G. JONES, ARCHITECT.)



THE MARRIAGE OF THE COUNT DE PARIS IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT KINGSTON.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE disposable Garter is to be given to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, for what reason no one can tell. No one ever heard that his Grace has said or done anything worthy of this high distinction. The Order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III., or perhaps by the Black Prince. It was a military order, and was to be given to those, and those only, who had done good military service. The original idea has, however, long been lost sight of, and that this is so no one need grumble; but surely the blue ribbon ought to be deemed a reward for some valuable service to the State. Earl Elgin was made a K.G., and it was right that he should be thus honoured. Lord Palmerston received a blue ribbon, and everybody saw that, after the long continued political services of his Lordship, this, too, was giving honour where honour was due. But to give honours like these to men who have really done nothing to deserve them is wrong, and will tend utterly to destroy their value. It was considered ridiculous and offensive for the worthy yeoman, of whom we have heard, to hang upon his breast the medal which he had for a prize pig. But why? The man had earned it, and why should he not wear it? If he had appeared, now, on parade with a Waterloo medal which he had not earned, he would, besides making himself ridiculous, have deserved to be drummed out of his regiment; and if men, generally, were allowed military medals which they had not won, it is clear that these medals would soon be despised. Neither would it make any difference if these medals were to be solemnly presented by the authorities. But is it less ridiculous for a Duke of Sutherland to wear an order of merit which he has not earned? I have said that if medals were given to people who had done nothing to deserve them, honours of this sort would soon be generally treated with contempt, would, in fact, be no honours. Well, I notice that the blue ribbon is not thought so much of as it was in the days when George III. was King. Then, a Garter to be disposed of put all the Court into commotion, and, until it was appropriated of, all the high personages about the Sovereign were intriguing to get it. I suspect that the disposal of this and other like honours to people who had done nothing to deserve them has led to this change, and I prophesy that, if the practice be continued, the blue ribbon will soon be appraised at the value of a blue ribbon, and nothing more. Better abolish honours altogether than give them to those who have done nothing to deserve them.

Lord Palmerston seems to have quite recovered his health. He has thrown his sticks away, and walks across the lobby as well as he did at the beginning of the Session. Nor does he shirk his work. Twice this week he has been in the house up to 1.30 a.m.—nay, it was two o'clock when he left on Wednesday morning. I hear that he has no thought of resigning, nor will he dissolve Parliament this year. Some assert that, if health and life be spared, he will hold on through next Session, and dissolve in the autumn of 1865—that is to say, at the destinies permit.

Mr. Gladstone has reprinted his speech on the suffrage question, with an explanatory preface; but he has retracted nothing, for he had nothing to retract. He did not say, and never thought of saying, as the *Times* alleged, that every man had a right to the suffrage. What he said was this:—It is not for the working man to prove that he has the right to the suffrage, but for you objectors to prove that he has not a right because he is not qualified to perform the duties which it involves. It is curious to note how the *Times* seizes every opportunity to depreciate and annoy the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Can it be that the repeal of the paper duty still rankles in the minds of the conductors of the *Times*? It still rankles in the minds of the papermakers, we know, and they threaten the direst revenge at the next general election. What can they do? you will say. Well, not much; but something. In places where parties are equally balanced they can turn the scale.

Speaking of the *Times* reminds me to notice that, in the House of Commons, there are two proprietors of the *Times*, if no more—to wit, Mr. Walter and Mr. Robert Lowe; and that these two are just now at open feud upon the question of the "matulation" of the Education Inspectors' Reports. In short, they stand now in the position of accuser and accused. On Tuesday night this antagonism was clearly manifest. A Committee is to be appointed to investigate this matter, and, in fact, to try Mr. Lowe. Well, Lord Palmerston proposed that the Committee should consist of fifteen, and include Lowe's accusers. This, of course, was not satisfactory to Mr. Lowe; and on Tuesday Mr. Clay moved that the Committee should consist of five, to be chosen by the General Committee of Elections—that is, the Committee which selects members to try election petitions. This was stoutly opposed by the Conservatives; and Mr. Walter was one of the opponents, and spoke.

The "spar" between the *Times* and the other daily journals anent the Newspaper Press Fund is still going on. The *Times* insists on purity of reporting and no donations from M.P.s or public speakers generally, as undue space and polishing might be given to those orators who were the most liberal. For my part, I do not think that the fact of the Right Hon. Oporto Beeswing, M.P., having sent £20 to the fund would have any effect upon the Gallery. Parliamentary reporters are quite as high-minded as any other class of men. At the same time, it would be better that the Newspaper Press Fund should be established on strict insurance principles. Let charity have nothing to do with it. "Charity!" said the labourer; "I don't want charity! I want wages for work!" The journalists of the present day are sufficiently numerous, and sufficiently well paid, and I am glad to say sufficiently thrifty, too, to establish a fund of their own without external aid. A journalist is either a scholar and a gentleman, or he is nothing. He has no business to go begging at public dinners and fancy fairs. In considering this very important question, it should be remembered that the staff of a newspaper does not consist of reporters only. I presume that political and social writers, foreign editors, correspondents, art-writers, and sub-editors would not feel themselves "tipped," because a kind-hearted gentleman sent a cheque to a deserving fund.

While on the subject of newspapers, let me mention the appearance of a new daily. It is called the *City Circular and Diary*, *Financial, Mercantile, and Statistical Reporter*; and is exactly what it professes to be. It is a capital notion to give a penny sheet that at once glance gives City men and merchants every information they require.

Mr. Charles Dickens has permitted a reprint of a story from *All the Year Round*, in the form of an illustrated pamphlet or tract. The story in question is from the pen of Mr. Andrew Halliday, and is called "My Account with Her Majesty;" and treats of the advantages of post-office savings-banks to working men. Tracts, as you know, are usually dry and severe reading. I think benevolent societies will do well to follow up the idea, and have cheap stories written with a purpose, but written humorously by men of mark in the literary world. "The Pious Washerwoman of Finchley-common," "The Right Side of the Road," "Where Are You Driving To?" and such like mental lollipops for the lowly, are not strong meat enough for such big babes as stokers, cabmen, carpenters, road-makers, and navigators.

Respecting that Field Marshal's baton supposed to be a portion of the furniture found in the knapsack of every soldier in France, it is curious to see the dates of the various promotions of the late Duke of Malakoff. Remember he started as Sous-Lieutenant. Here they are. He was a pupil at the Prytanée Militaire and at the Polytechnique in 1814, Sous-Lieutenant in 1815, Lieutenant in 1820, Captain in 1827, Chef d'Escadron in 1828, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1837, Colonel in 1842, General of Brigade in 1843, General of Division in 1852, Marshal of France in 1855, a Duke in 1856, Ambassador to England in 1858, and Governor of Algeria in 1861. There are some long *entr'actes* in this drama of promotion; but do we not all recollect our own Havelock, a Lieutenant for three-and-twenty years?

As the Academy is now open, it may be interesting to know the opinion of Mr. Edmond About on the pre-Raphaelite school. I have taken it from one of his art-criticisms of this year's *Salon de Peintures*.—

As certain old ladies assume infantine manners and baby graces in the

delusive hope of looking younger; play at dolls, wear short skirts, and lie childishly; so the English, after having exhausted all the tricks of trade, woke up one morning younger and more innocent of art than rosebuds of love. They founded a school called pre-Raphaelite, which affected to consider Raphael himself as a dabbler—as one utterly sophisticated and corrupted. What would be thought if the senators of Paris met in a corner of the Luxembourg for the purpose of commenting Benquin's of playing at marbles, or drinking cream? What would have been said at Versailles in 1789 if the loveliest women in Paris had dressed themselves in ribbons and fine array to go milking cows? This is precisely what occurs to me in looking on "La Tentation" of Monsieur G. Moreau.

As you know, in Paris, prizes are given for virtue—and indeed all over France. We do it in our own stiff, downright, unsympathetic way at agricultural dinners, where Giles or Hodge, after being "regaled" with roast beef, plum-pudding, and beer, toddles up to the chairman, and is rewarded for fifty years' hard labour, sobriety, and having reared twelve children on ten shillings a week, with a new smock-frock, or a couple of sovereigns and a carter's whip. Our lively neighbours are about to start a new philanthropic association, the Société Nationale d'Encouragement au Bien, intended—I quote from the prospectus—

To propagate among the working classes the principles of morality and habits of order, economy, and temperance; to combat (combattre c'est le mot) the fatal practices of visits to the cabaret and of keeping the Saint Monday (chômage volontaire du Lundi); to excite filial devotion; to stimulate the care of aged, infirm, and poor relatives; to ameliorate the material position of the working classes by showing them that, under all circumstances, it is impossible that they can enjoy comfort and true happiness except by the fulfilment of duty, by submission to law, by probity and labour, by tender assistance to the weak, encouraging the timid, placing signals-marks over quicksands, and pointing out the right road to those who stray. To recompense the worthy by honourable distinctions, such as medals, savings-bank books, donations, dowries, &c.

What a grand project! It almost takes away one's breath. Compared to it, our Dunmow fitch of bacon for the bride and groom who do not quarrel for a whole year after their marriage melts into liquid grease. Few folks here have claimed the fitch. Will many in France show a right to the "honourable distinctions, medals, savings-bank books, donations, dowries," &c.? Single girls of poor parents may now hope for a husband. Young couples may be enabled to start in life with the prizes earned by the wife while in a state of single blessedness, and an *ouvrier* may proudly say, "My wife's only dowry was her virtue"—that is its recognition and reward by the National Society for the Encouragement of Good, of which surely the Emperor will be elected perpetual president.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood this month puts an end to the hobble of "The Perpetual Curate." It has been long enough in coming, mercy knows. Poor man, his case was very much like that of Mr. Bowditch in one respect—he trusted to his character to pull him through. This is an affront which "society" never forgives, as you may guess by the comments of an enlightened press on Mr. Bowditch's case. The rest of the number is good—O'Dowd, as usual, very amusing and full of suggestion; a rattling philosopher is O'Dowd, who throws his ideas about as a tipsy man might his money. There will be people to pick them up, O'Dowd, you may depend upon it! I would call special attention to the paper on Public Schools. The political article is effective without being overcharged; but Mr. Gladstone, measure him how you may, is too large a man for this "niggling" sort of criticism.

In the *Cornhill* we have the end of "Denis Duval." There is also a long note by the editor (which might very pleasantly have been longer too), showing us the author in his study—his first outlines, and his little processes of filling in. It is needless to say that this is extremely interesting. The editor rightly rebukes critics who recklessly say that the writers with whom they are dealing are "worked out." The *ILLUSTRATED TIMES* may claim the modest merit of having hinted, four years ago, at an unworked (or slightly worked) vein in Mr. Thackeray's mind, and also at the very characteristics it would present when wrought. The article about the "Church" is written by a man totally unfitted for his task. "The Red Shirt in Calabria" is from the same pen—not difficult to guess at—as the Garibaldi paper of last month. How very amusing is the incessant "hurry-hurry" of the English of the translator! The very sweet love verses by Mr. Frederick Greenwood we hope to quote next week.

Temple Bar is a fair number. S. M. (who wrote, you know, the best of the recent Garibaldi poems) contributes a beautiful little song. By-the-by, it was a false touch of S. M. in those said verses, read by Mr. Scott at Guildhall, to say—

What others dreamed, thou didst.

If there were no dreamers there would be no doers; and a certain speech of the great man at M. Herzon's might have taught S. M. better manners, if not better philosophy. Everybody cannot be everything. Our old friend Sigismund, in the "Doctor's Wife," must be informed that the horrors of Shakespeare's tragedies are no excuse for "sensational" storytellers. I do not justify any anti-sensational cant; but what may be said in poetry is one thing, in prose quite another thing; and nothing can be simpler than the reasons. Try and find them out, Sigismund.

London Society is rather a happy number. The verses about the "Bay-window of our Club" are a very close approach to the sort of thing that is wanted in verse for such a magazine. The papers about "Getting up a Company" and about swimming ("In the Water") are pleasant reading, and will, one hopes, do some good; but the first of the two should have been longer. The writer of the article may find a large and most entertaining subject in company-work.

The *St. James's* is a good deal better than I have seen it for many months. "A Remarkable Trial," "Real English Opera," and one or two other articles will, as the correct critics say, "repay perusal." There is one good point about this magazine—the papers are never too long.

The chief attraction in *Good Words* is Sir John Herschel's "Celestial Weighings and Measurements." Nowhere out of the quarterlies can you find matter of similar quality. Mr. Bates, the great Amazonian, is this month a contributor. Mrs. Wood has killed off Dr. Davenall, leaving all dark between him and Oswald. That is just the way it happens in life. The "Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'" (what a bother it is to have to write all that!) is still young in heart, as one is glad to gather from the little story of the "Unkind Word."

Fraser, Macmillan, and one or two other of the magazines, I leave till next week, when I will sum up in a very few words that "story of the guns" about which there is such endless pottering.

"Our Mutual Friend" is still unexciting, though there are two or three little bits which make you laugh. Nobody can believe in Silas Wegg, Nicodemus Boffin, and Mr. Venus, precisely as they are; and yet they have a pigeon-hole look about them—they seem, in other words, "characters" pigeon-holed long ago, and now made up expressly into caricatures.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(FIFTH NOTICE.)

ONE of the most striking pictures in the North Room is Mr. Fisk's "Last Night of the Saviour in his Nazareth Home" (551). It is a work full of care and thought, and very meritorious as a painting—indeed, we have seldom seen moonlight better rendered. The weak point of the picture is the Saviour's figure, in which, as not infrequently happens, the artist has failed from a desire to perform impossibilities. Mary, Joseph, and another member of the family are still sleeping; the Saviour himself has arisen while the dawn is yet faint on the far horizon—too dim to struggle with the moonlight which floods the quiet house and the distant village with its silver glory. Mr. Fisk has brought to his task skill as well as reverent thought and research, and deserves high praise. The

same meed must be bestowed on Mr. Rossiter for his "True St. Margaret, the Scottish Maid" (484), which, like Mr. Fisk's picture, is weakest in the face of the principal figure. The painting of the "hungry, leaping waves" is good, and the pathos honestly achieved without sensational strivings. Another Eastern picture of great merit is Mr. Gale's "Syrian Fellahin Journeying" (505). The colouring of this gem is beyond praise, and the light is painted as successfully as it has ever been given by the greatest artists. There is much sunlight in Mr. Herbert's "In the East" (555), and the camels are well studied. Our mention of Oriental subjects would not be complete without a word of warm eulogy for Mr. Lewis's "Caged Doves" (577), one of the most exquisite bits of colouring in the exhibition. The chequered shadow of the lattice truth itself, and the purity of tone in the bright robes—especially the shawl—of the slave of the zenana, caressing her fellow captive, merits the highest commendation. Mr. Bedford's "Hagar and Ishmael" (547) is another picture belonging to this group, and is one that will add to his rising fame. The thirst—the intense parching thirst—of the lad terrifies his mother, and she tries to check his eager drinking. The attitudes are fine yet natural, and the painting of the drapery conscientious and sound.

There is much to delight the eye in Mr. Hughes's "Silver and Gold" (486), wherein an aged dame is tenderly conveyed by a budding girl, who stoops her golden head to escape the toying of a lavish lilac-bush, through which the sun showers down in golden flecks. If we must find a fault here, it is with the want of "speculation" in the girl's face. The peacock in the background is painted from a palette laid with jewels.

Much more sober in colour, but no less meritorious, is Mr. Hodgson's "Queen Elizabeth at Purfleet" (512). The composition of this picture is excellent, and the heads very finely put in. Especially good is the figure of Lord Howard, Admiral of the squadron seen sailing down the Thames to fight the great Armada.

Another historical subject, telling tales of Elizabeth's father, has been selected by Mr. Grant in No. 489. The story is well told, and some of the heads are very fine. The same cleverness in dealing with expression will be observed in "Secret Intelligence" (553), by the same artist. No. 507, by Mr. Marshall, is an incident of Elizabeth's imprisonment, and deserves a passing word of praise.

One of the most pretentious pictures in this room is Mr. Tidemand's "Norwegian Duel" (542); but it is, at the same time, undoubtedly the most painful one in the whole exhibition. A brawl has arisen at some country festival, and the two peasants, in true Berserker fashion, have fought it out then and there with their vindictive looking axes. One man is borne off by his friends in a dying state; the other is already dead—dead to the curses which his bereaved mother is uttering as she holds his listless hand. The painting is a little dirty and brown in tone, but the drawing is excellent, and the smoke sweeping out at window and door realised with great fidelity.

Mr. Prinsep has two pictures in this room. Of these No. 485 appears most happy. The rustling of Lady Betty's brocade seems audible, so well is the fabric painted. In "Benedick and Beatrice" (560) the figures are a little heavy and awkward; indeed, we doubt the possibility of the cavalier's position. The face of Beatrice is full of archness, but it lacks beauty. Mr. Whistler also exhibits two pictures in this room, a contemplation of which produces, among much other wonderment and doubt, the question why this artist does not take the trouble to paint the faces and hands of his figures. The drawing in No. 585 of the crowd of shipping and the busy steam-boats, seen through a network of nearer rigging, is very fine; but the picture is dull in tone and unsatisfactory. The Chinese girl in No. 593, painting the "long ladies" on the "six-marked" porcelain, is another eccentric subject, possessing fine colour, but wanting interest. Why should an artist, such a master of the technical part of his profession, obstinately set himself such useless themes?

An English girl painting (543)—but on canvas, not crockery—by Mr. Haynes, is a prettily-composed and well-painted little picture. We must also award high praise to Mr. Martineau's "Woman of San Germano" (518), which bears evidence of truth and study from nature. But we hope so promising an artist will not forget that we expect something higher than this from the painter of "The Last Day in the Old Home." Mr. Poynter's "Siren" (509) is poetically conceived, and is pleasing in colour. The blue headland reflected in the green wave, and the slope of blossoming shore, are happily put in; while the drawing of the figure and the painting of the transparent green robe earn a special encomium.

There is a great deal that is good in Mr. W. Nicol's "Letter from India" (499), but it must not be looked for in the figures so much as in the accessories. The light streaming through the window on the carpet, and the garden outside, are most truthfully painted. Mr. Smith, in No. 537, gives evidence of a study of Mulready's colouring which has not been unsuccessful. The sentiment of the picture, however, is a little forced.

Mrs. Solomon's scene from "Edmond" (502) is very well composed, but wants transparency and brightness. The face of my Lady Edmond is full of sweet expression, and that of Beatrice is a capital creation; but the figure of young Harry shows a slight falling off. "Catherine Seyton" (576), by Mr. J. Faed, is another picture in which good composition is inadequately seconded by the colouring. Catherine's face is charming, and Roland's attitude lifelike and well-drawn; but there is that lack of purity of tone to be seen to a lesser degree in the works of this artist's famous brother.

Mr. Beavis's "Escape" (508) is full of spirit, and the snatch of moonlit sky is very truthful and bright. "Home in Acadia" (528), by Mr. Wyburd, is considerably in advance of former works by the same brush; and Mr. O'Connor's "Olivia" (567) is painted with great grace and tenderness. The carnations in Mr. Egley's "Susannah" (554) are faulty; but the light on the tapestry and the texture of the dress are given in a masterly manner. Juliet is very charming in Mr. Topham's picture, No. 510; and there is real "Fun," as well as a clever painting of accessories, in Mr. Burr's No. 530. Mr. Clark's "Remembrance" (497), and Mr. Brooks's "Eau Bénite" (517) will repay a careful inspection. Miss Osborn has selected a subject which not even her taste and skill can render other than painful, in No. 555. In No. 591, by M. Perugini, we detect in a minor degree some of the charm of colour which make Mr. Leighton's pictures so pleasant to contemplate; and, although we could hardly see it, so badly is it placed, we venture to think that Mr. Riviere's "Romeo and Juliet" (493) would bear a close inspection and reveal many beauties. A similarly unfavourable position prevents our passing any judgment on No. 540, by Mr. Barwell—the work of a promising artist, who, however, shows a tendency to blackness, which we fancy we can discover even here.

Mr. Crowe's "Dean Swift" (594) is a better picture than his "Luther," yet hardly answers the expectations that have been formed of him. Mr. Hayllar, too, in No. 514, is not seen in his happiest mood, though there are passages of great merit in the picture.

"The Plague-stricken" (549) is pleasing in colour, but we are inclined to believe Mr. Thompson has paid more attention to the French school than the life school. A little study in the latter would have much improved Mrs. Ward's "Tower" (565), in which the accessories are far better than the figures. Mr. Thom, in No. 587, clearly shows what he has been studying—the style of M. Israels; but he has only caught his heaviness of colour.

Mr. Mark's "House of Prayer" (584) is one of the best pictures he has painted for a long time. The old woman's cloak is a capital bit of colour and texture. "Turned Out of Church" (526), by Mr. Holl, is full of humour and observation. The slow and decent way in which the naughty girl slides out, keeping close to the wall—even following its inequalities in her desire to loiter—is painted with a grasp of character such as is seldom surpassed.

We are compelled to let the remainder of this notice stand over until next week.

JOHN CLARE, the Northamptonshire poet, died last week in the Northampton Asylum, of which he has been many years an inmate.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THEATRICAL TYPES.

No. IX.—STAGE-MANAGERS.

THE Stage-Manager is the man who should direct everything behind the scenes. He should be at one and the same time a poet, a politician, and a custodian; and possess sufficient authority, to direct a wardrobe-keeper as to the cut of a mantle. He should understand the military science like a drill-sergeant, and be as capable of handling crowds and moving masses as a major general. He should possess universal sympathies, should feel with the sublime, and have a quick perception of the ludicrous. Though unable to act himself, he should be able to teach others, and be the finger-post, guide, philosopher, and friend of every soul in a theatre, male or female, from the manager and author to the call-boy and thegasmann, from the managers and principal soprano to the back row of the extra children's ballet and the cleaners.

Above all, he should be endowed with a perfect command of his own temper, and the power of conciliating the tempers of others. The art of stage management consists chiefly in a trick of manner that reconciles the collision of opposing personal vanities.

This is what he should be; what he is, is a very different affair. Some Stage-Managers are appointed to their office for curious reasons: because they have grey hair or a fatherly-looking stomach, or because they once wrote a piece which failed, or because they know nothing of stage business, or because they are deferential, or because they have a large family, or because they wear a heavy gold watch and chain, or because they knew the late Charles Kemble, or any other good theatrical reason.

One man, who for many years was Stage-Manager of the patent theatres—a position for which he was totally unqualified—was appointed solely because he was well acquainted with the hours at which the coaches started from one town to another.

It was in the days of Hessian boots and pigstails, and the man in question, an actor in a country theatre, made it a custom to call upon every London celebrity who might be starring it in the provinces and inform him of his cheapest and most expeditious route to the next town he intended to appear at, the hours at which the coaches started, where they stopped to dine, where the journey was broken, the amount of the fares, &c. He pursued this course of conduct for several years. At last a comedian was wanted in London; the director inquired of his "eminent hands" if they knew of any man in the country?

"Um—ah—well—ah—yes—begad," said the eminent hands, "there is a very civil fellow I met at Buskborough; I thought him funny, and he had a thorough knowledge of the coaches between there and Blarneyton; a very nice fellow. I think you couldn't do better than," &c., &c., &c. And so this guide to all the market towns of England came to London, appeared, succeeded, and was made Stage-Manager by another lucky accident. He always agreed with the Sole Lessee and Director. The advice given to his son by Sir Pertinax Macintosh should not be disregarded by any dramatic artist who cherishes ambition.

Thirty years ago there were many clever Stage-Managers who thought it a clever thing to swear. Men who had no more knowledge of the art of stage direction than they had of naval architecture imitated the vices of their betters with marked success. They swore louder than their great originals, and the more they swore the better Stage-Managers they and many others thought they were. Our coaching Comedian always made a point of echoing his Manager when that luminary condescended, as he often did, to direct in person.

"Don't turn your banner, Sir. Bless your heart and soul!" would shout the spirited and enterprising entrepreneur to a supernumerary.

"Bless your heart and soul, Sir, don't turn your banner!" shouted the comic coach time-bill.

"Let's go over it all again!" would yell the spirited and enterprising one. "Blood and thunder!"

"All over again," echoed the Stage-Manager. "Thunder and blood!"

This four-horse Bradshaw was a good sample of what may be called the Supple Stage-Manager.

Then there is the Cruel Stage-Manager, who hates everybody in the theatre and out of it, and who abuses his power in the largest spirit of the smallest tyranny, and while he fawns on public favourites is the bane of the actors of inferior parts and the terror of the ballet. If a poor girl to one minute late by the cruel Stage-Manager's infallible chronometer, which, with the Green-room clock, he always keeps five minutes before the House Guards, he directs the Prompter to "fine her."

"Fine her—fine her, Brooks;" and the girl who walks twenty miles a day, and, being a clover dancer, earns eighteen shillings a week, is mulcted of one shilling. This is not all. The Cruel Stage-Manager not only flogs, but preaches too. "A pretty thing, indeed, Miss Tattie, that you can't get to the theatre in time. You're used, you're fined, you're fined!" he iterates.

"It was only just the eight minutes as I passed the!"

"Don't tell me—don't tell me!" interrupts the cruel one. "I won't be answered. Here's my watch—there's the clock in the green-room. All fines are regulated by that. I will have punctuality. You're fined—you're fined!"

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting, Mr. Slyming?" says the Leading Lady, as she glides gracefully upon the stage.

"Not at all, my dear Miss Blare. We haven't yet begun. Brooks, give Miss Blare a chair. How are you, this morning? Sit down, You look tired. We must be careful of ourselves—we must, indeed!"

But, terrible as is the anger of the Cruel Stage-Manager, still more deadly is his smile—his nod—his pat on the back—his shake of the hand. Like Kate Kearney in the ballet, "Beware of his smile," for "there's mischief in every dimple;" though pimple would describe his complexion with more photographic accuracy.

"Jack!" said an actor of mute nobleness, in the confidence of the dressing-room, "I've got the sack."

"What for?"

"I don't know; but Slyming has patted me on the back twice this week and called me his dear boy four times; and my name is Walker on Saturday."

The Affectionate Stage-Manager is a flint-musket of a different bore. He lives but to employ adjectives agreeable to his hearers, and is of an incompetency compared to which ordinary inability counts as genius. With him, every male is his "dear boy;" every woman "his darling child;" every manager "a splendid fellow;" every actor "a first-rate man;" every actress "a charming creature;" every supernumerary "a good chap;" and the world in general a Bower of Bliss and Home of Happiness. "Whatever is best" is his motto, and his *bonhomie* is supposed by actors—an easily-persuaded and credulous race—to spring from a kind heart, whereas it is only pure, simple, unadulterated blarney. He could not live by his ability, so he ekes out his thin, weak, conventional knowledge with a mouthful of tender words.

The Traditional Stage-Manager is the man who knew Charles Kemble, and whose knowledge—dramatic, artistic, literary, and general—ends there. To the stupidity of this creature no pen could do justice; to the density of his intellectual powers ligament-vitis is as transparent soap-bubble.

"Don't you think, Mr. Lumpodark," suggests a young man from Oxford who has deserted the career marked out for him by his friends for the glories of the stage, "don't you think that if I accidentally left this letter among the others on the table instead of dropping it, according to the old trick?"

"My dear Sir, my dear Sir," replies the traditional one. "Don't you think you should at once start a school where you young men could teach your grandmothers to such eggs? I knew Charles Kemble. Knew him well, Sir; have seen him play this very

part fifty times; ay, fifty times—fifty, at the very least. I remember his saying to me one night at Covent Garden after he came off from this very scene, 'Lumpodark, he always called me Lumpodark, it's very hot to-night.' These were his words to me thirty—ay, two and thirty years ago, and he always dropped the letter. He had no newfangled tricks; the old business was good enough for him; and I don't think, Mr. Fawcett, that you will make a much greater hit in the scene than he did. I have had experience. I know Charles Kemble; knew him well; have seen him play this very part," &c. And then the Traditional Stage-Manager repeats what he has said three or four times more; for, like a musical-box, he only plays so many tunes. He has his Charles Kemble step, his Eilston step, his Irish Johnstone step, his Farley polka, Fawcett quadrille, and Listen waltz; and he grinds them over, and over, and over again; and actors, as a body, are so faithful to tradition that they listen to his monotonous variations with respect; and so he continues and continues, and gurgles and gurgles, without wearing his works out.

The Muddle-headed Stage-Manager is a donkey of another colour. He will listen to every suggestion and understand none. In the innermost recesses of that cerebral pulp which in his skull does duty for brain, he has a confused notion that the Act of Parliament forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister somehow or other affects the probability of the plot of "Hamlet." He is a sort of theatrical Lord Dundreary in a perpetual state of melodramatic bewilderment, and is always willing to accept the statement of a dramatic problem for its solution as the shortest way out of a difficulty. Under his auspices—and he it always remembered that the deeper his incapacity the prouder he is of his "experience"—rehearsals progress but slowly.

"Now then!" he shouts, "Johnson and the soldiers march down that rake from the right."

"But the soldiers are supposed to come from the castle, and the castle is on the other side of the river; they couldn't come down that bank," suggests the Author.

"No, no; very true," says Muddlehead. "Johnson, how stupid of you, from the rake left hand!"

"You said right, just now, Sir, and"—

"Don't tell me, Sir. I said left. I don't want to be told what I said. I want you to do what I tell you. From the left, if you please."

"If they come from the left they'll be on the same side as the Count's party," suggests a quick-eyed prompter.

"Ah—yes—so they would."

Down marches Johnson and eight supernumeraries from the left.

"Johnson!" roars the muddleheaded one. "What are you at? Have you no sense? Don't you see you're all among the opposite party?"

"I thought it was wrong, Sir; but"—

"But," interrupts Muddlehead, "then why did you do it, Sir?"

"You said the left bank, Sir."

"Hold your tongue, Sir; and don't make remarks. Am I Stage-Manager, or you? Take the men round to the second entrance. Right!"

"No, no!" breaks in the author; "that's the chapel where Beatrice is hiding."

This complete's Muddlehead's discomfiture; and the fact of the nullity of a marriage contracted between a man and his deceased wife's sister affecting the probability of Claudius, usurping King of Denmark, being the husband of Hamlet's mother, at the same time rising to the surface of the cerebral pulp, he approaches the confines of madness as near as his natural idioty will permit.

The Deferential Stage-Manager is not endowed with the gifts of sense and reason in the same proportion with the majority of human creatures. Perhaps he is aware of this, and makes up for his mental deficiencies by conciliatory manners. He fears his Manager, honours the Leading Man, and thinks kind things of the world in general. He will fawn on the call-boy when none other is present, and when alone will fawn upon himself for practice. He is fond of Turkish dramas, because the Grand Vizier, the Chief of the Eunuchs, the Captain of the Guard, and the water-carriers all express themselves to the Sultan in the same soft-spoken, self-abnegating way: "May the shadow of your Sublime Highness be never the less by three drachmas circumference!" "Is not thy slave as but dirt in thy august presence?" "Oh, bid thy faithful Stamboul fly!" A fine nation the Turks—so grave, so dignified, so polite, picturesque, treacherous, and cruel.

The great limner of modern life has made his two worst, wickedest, most abject villains of the deferential, conciliatory breed. There are Irish Heeps and Carkers of all callings. O reader! beware of the self-styled humble and the lowly, and of the industriously self-heddoles and easy-going, flippant, sham-careless.

The Model Stage-Manager is a bluff, hale, hearty, grey-haired, cheery-toned sort of man, with the blue eye and *bonhomie* of the skipper of a large passenger-ship and the air of easy authority of the master of a man-of-war. A rigid disciplinarian, he finds fault with the offender when alone with him; he wounds no feelings by verbal bitterness before a crowd. He is quite of the old school—honours the Queen, reverences the upper classes, and wears straps to his trousers. When his perfect single-mindedness and honesty has so disgusted his spirited director that his engagement at the end of the season is not renewed, the company, in knots of two and three, whisper in corners.

"I say, subscribe for a service of plate," growls the Heavy Man, in deep, umbilical tones.

"Won't do," objects the Light Comedian, in a clear, shrill tenor.

"He considers that testimonial presentation dodgery such humbug."

"So it is," remarks the Old Man.

[The testimonial presentation is an artifice for depriving actors and actresses of a night's salary very commonly resorted to by the Publican and Commercial Managers (see London Managers). The trick consists in their employing their toddlers, who generally compose what is called the "staff" of the theatre, to get up a testimonial to them, "a tribute of respect, esteem, gratitude, and admiration, not only for his (the Manager's) inestimable qualities as a caterer for the public, but in deep reverence and devotion for his goodness, greatness, intellect, munificence, head-acquirements, and heart-worthiness as a MAN"—as the inscription runs. To this the members of the company, if they wish to retain their situations, must subscribe. In return, the Manager will get up a testimonial for his Stage-Manager, who will get one up for the Acting-Manager, who will get one up for the Box-office-keeper; and so more nights' salaries are drawn from actors, violinists, dancers, carpenters, and supernumeraries; and the recipients of the "pieces of plate"—generally bargains purchased from the Manager's numerous friends among the "chosen peoplesh"—laugh loudly and openly at the voluntary gifts they have extorted.]

"I have it," says the Light Comedian. "We can do a service of plate without any presentation, or speech, or humbug. Give it to him on his last night, and"—

"But he mustn't hear of it."

"No, or he'd burk it, he's so modest. We must keep it among ourselves. Don't let the Ballet know anything about it."

"Oh, no; little Louisa would telegraph it to Havannah." On the last night of his engagement the Model Stage-Manager is alert and active as ever, perhaps his manner is a shade kinder than usual, for he may not meet his "boys and girls" again for some time. At the end of the first piece the Prompter asks him if he'll be kind enough to step into the waiting-room.

"The waiting-room! What for?"

The Prompter hesitates, stammers, and the Model Stage-Manager, whom we will call North, ascends.

The waiting-room, which has been chosen as the only spot where the preparations would not be perceived, is lighted up. Upon a sort of red velvet altar stands a silver tea service; near it is a table covered with decanters, wine-glasses, and pastry.

"The whole strength of the company," as they say in the play-bills, when they advertise the singing of the National Anthem, the modern garb of the company, and in the of course contrasting

* "Rake," an inclined platform.

strangely with the brilliant, picturesque, and bizarre costumes round them, is present.

Mr. North pauses, open-mouthed.

Miss Georgina Bellone, the leading lady, the daughter of the woman to whom North had been engaged thirty years before, and who jilted him for a man who broke her heart, steps forward, and, taking him by the hand, says,

"Mr. North, pray excuse us, we are sorry you are going—and—and hope you will accept this as a kind remembrance of us." And she points to the service.

There is a short pause. Mr. North moistens his lower lip with his tongue, essays to speak, breaks down, and begins to sob.

Then the ladies all kiss him, as Mr. Pickwick was kissed under the mistletoe; and a champagne cork pops, and the Manager enters and looks round bewildered.

"Have a glass of champagne, Mr. Taptubb," says the Light Comedian with great readiness and greater malice. "We are wishing Mr. North good-by."

The Manager utters "Oh, ah!" and is as silent as is the highly-honoured guest, but from different causes.

T. W. R.

MARRIAGE OF THE COUNT DE PARIS.

THE CHURCH AND THE COMPANY.

ON Monday Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, the eldest hope of the Orleans family, was married to his first cousin, the Princess Isabelle of Spain, in the presence of a most illustrious company, including not only English nobility and foreign Ambassadors, but many of the representatives of the old historic names of France who still adhere in loyalty and hope to the fallen fortunes of the Orleans dynasty. The marriage was celebrated in the pretty little Roman Catholic chapel at Kingston, where the Duc de Chartres was married last year, and where many members of the late Royal family of France usually attend the service of their faith. The interesting event caused no little excitement all around Kingston, Clarendon, and Esher. In these places the members of the late Royal family are well known and sincerely beloved.

As was to be expected, then, the marriage at Kingston on Monday was made a gala day for all the country round. The little church is not capable of accommodating very many. Certainly, if it were twice the size it would not have held all who were anxious to be present on this solemn occasion. It was, however, so arranged that it could contain those who were invited to the wedding—some hundred or more illustrious guests; but this was all. The less distinguished spectators—made up pretty equally with regard to numbers of French ladies and gentlemen, and ladies and gentlemen of the surrounding neighbourhood—were accommodated under a long, handsome portico awning, draped with crimson, which had been erected for the occasion, and which led from the carriage road into the porch of the little church. Every part of this portico was early thronged, so that there was scarcely room even for the beautifully-dressed children who were placed on each side with baskets of flowers to strew under the feet of the young bride and bridegroom. The chapel inside was prettily decorated, and so as to correspond with the simple but effective details of its architecture. In front of the altar were two prie-dieux for the Royal bride and bridegroom; immediately behind them two chairs of state, one for the mother of the young bride, Marie Louise Fernande, Duchesse de Montpensier, and sister of the Queen of Spain; the other for the venerable Marie Amelie, the last Queen of the French, who was that day to leave her habitual seclusion and sanctify by her presence the union of her grandchildren.

The ceremony was fixed to take place at half-past ten, and much before that time those honoured with invitations to the chapel began to assemble. Most of the guests had taken their places before any of the immediate members of the late Royal family had arrived, and before they came Dr. Grant, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, wearing his episcopal robes and mitre, moved down to the church porch to receive them. At the ceremony the Bishop was assisted by the Rev. l'Abbe Toussaint, French chaplain; and l'Abbe Juelle, chaplain to Queen Amelie. Soon after the arrival of the Bishop at the porch, Gaston d'Orleans, Count d'Eu; and Philippe d'Orleans, Duke d'Alencon, the sons of the Duke de Nemours, arrived with their sisters, Princesses Marguerite and Blanche, and at once took their places near the altar. They were followed soon after by Prince de Conde, son of the Duke d'Aumale, and then by Princess Christine, the sister of the bride, for there were no bridesmaids on this occasion. The Prince and Princess de Joinville, with the Duke de Nemours and the Duke d'Aumale, followed almost directly, the Duchesse d'Aumale being prevented by indisposition from being present. And now the little church was quite full and glowed on all sides with the rich colours of the ladies' dresses. It was easy by costume alone to distinguish between the English and the foreign guests. The French and Spanish noblemen were all in evening dress, while our countrymen, on the contrary, followed the custom usual here at such ceremonies, and wore plain morning costume. Nor was the difference much less marked with the fair portions of the assemblage—the French ladies generally wearing massive silks and costly shawls, while those of England were attired in beautiful, airy, gossamer-like toilets of the lightest possible fabric and colour. Just after half-past ten loud cheering was heard without, and there was a long pause of expectation, which was broken at last, as, leaning on the arm of a tall, fair young man, a venerable lady came slowly up the church, and all rose and bowed low as they recognised the coronar features of Queen Marie Amelie, the widow of Louis Philippe. There was a feeling of emotion almost amounting to awe with which this queenly relic of a bygone age and time, this living witness and actor amid events for which we of this generation have to read history, was regarded. The young man who supported her tenderly as she advanced up the church was the bridegroom, her grandson, the Count de Paris. Though twenty-six years of age, he looks two or more years younger, which is perhaps owing to his fair complexion and light, dexter hair. Almost immediately following came the bride. She was clad in pure white, a soft, airy dress, resembling a bloom of white flowers; while the massive lace veil which was over her bridal wreath was turned back from her face and hung like a train behind. She moved with a simple dignity that was inexpressibly charming, and her fine delicate features at once reminded the spectator of the profile of the Princess of Wales. It may have been that the same manner of wearing the hair suggested this fanciful idea of the strong resemblance, but the impression at least seemed general, in spite of the young bride's dark hair, Spanish eyes, and pale, delicate complexion, such as is sometimes, though rarely, seen among the blondes of Southern France.

The Duke and Duchesse de Montpensier followed the bride, with the Duke and Duchesse de Chartres. Immediately on arriving at the altar, the Prince and Princess occupied their prie-dieux, with the Queen-Mother sitting behind her grandson, and the Duke and Duchesse de Montpensier sitting behind their daughter. Before commencing the service, Bishop Grant, amid deep silence, briefly addressed the Prince and Princess in French.

THE CEREMONY.

The service then proceeded according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, a ritual which is almost entirely word for word with that of the Church of England. When that part of the service came at which the Bishop asked the Prince, "Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, voulez-vous prendre Marie Isabelle Françoise d'Assise d'Antonia Louise Fernande, en presente, pour votre legitime épouse?" &c., the Prince turned and gravely bowed to the Queen-Mother for the consent, which was given to him with a kindly smile and bow, before he turned and answered, "Je le veux." In the same manner the Princess turned to receive the approbation of her parents and of the Queen-Mother also before she, too, answered in the affirmative clearly and distinctly. When these all-important answers were given, loudly, so that all could hear—when, according to Roman Catholic custom, the bridegroom had given the bride the gold and silver coin, typical of the worldly goods with which he endowed her—the ceremony was finished with a blessing, and the new Prince

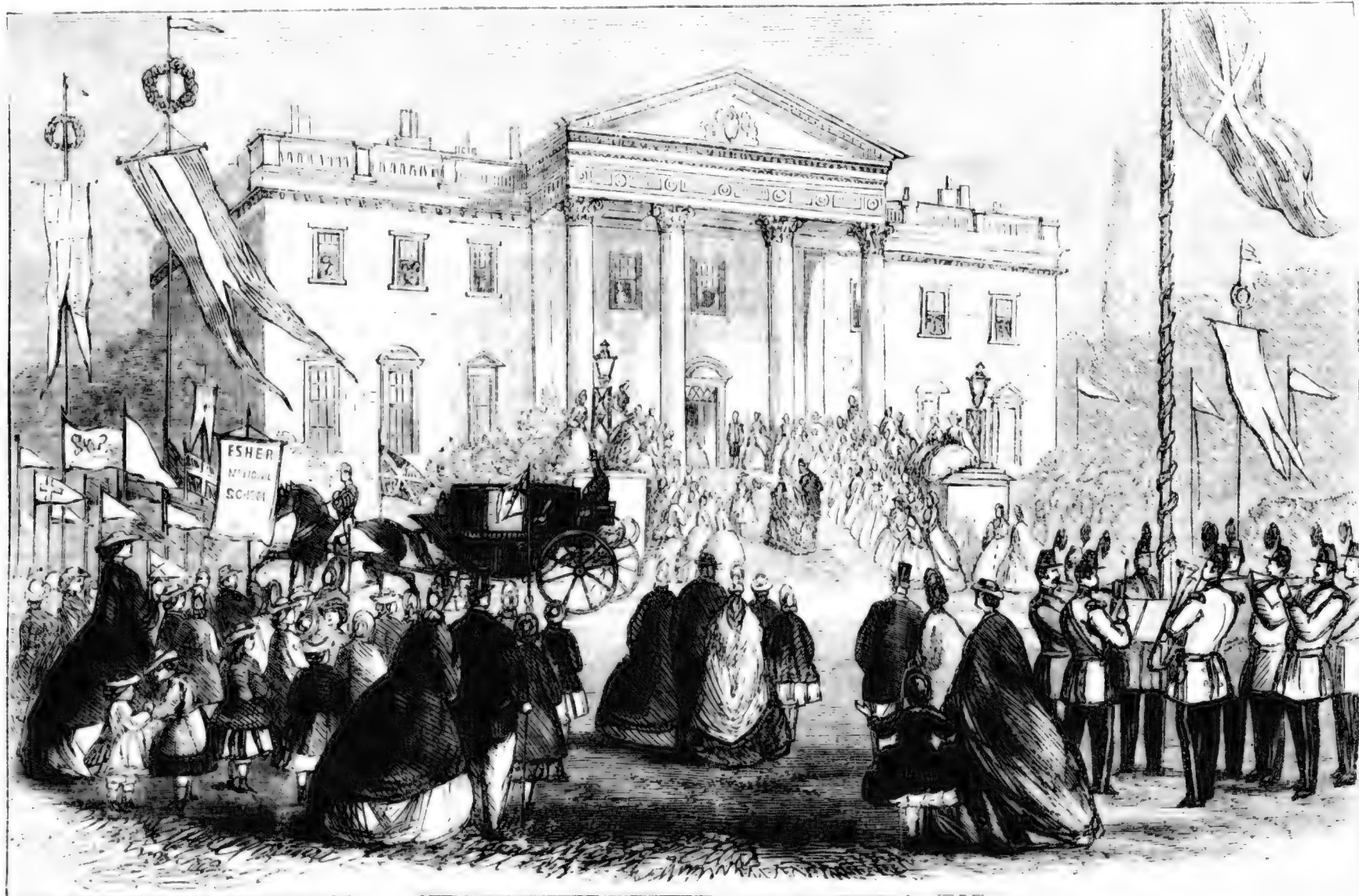


THE MARRIAGE OF THE COUNT DE PARIS: THE BRIDAL PARTY RETURNING THROUGH ESHER.

and Princess d'Orleans retired to the sacristy to sign the register. It was witnessed by the Duke de Montpensier, the Duke de Chartres, and the Spanish Minister only.

On their return to the chapel Bishop Grant celebrated low mass, which occupied but a short time; and when the benediction was given Prince Louis and the Princess Isabelle d'Orleans returned

down the chapel and entered their carriage, amid such cheering and firing of cannon, and ringing of bells as has seldom before disturbed the quiet town of Kingston.



CLAREMONT HOUSE ON THE DAY OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE COUNT DE PARIS.



HORSE FAIR AT STUTTGARD.

THE RETURN TO CLAREMONT.

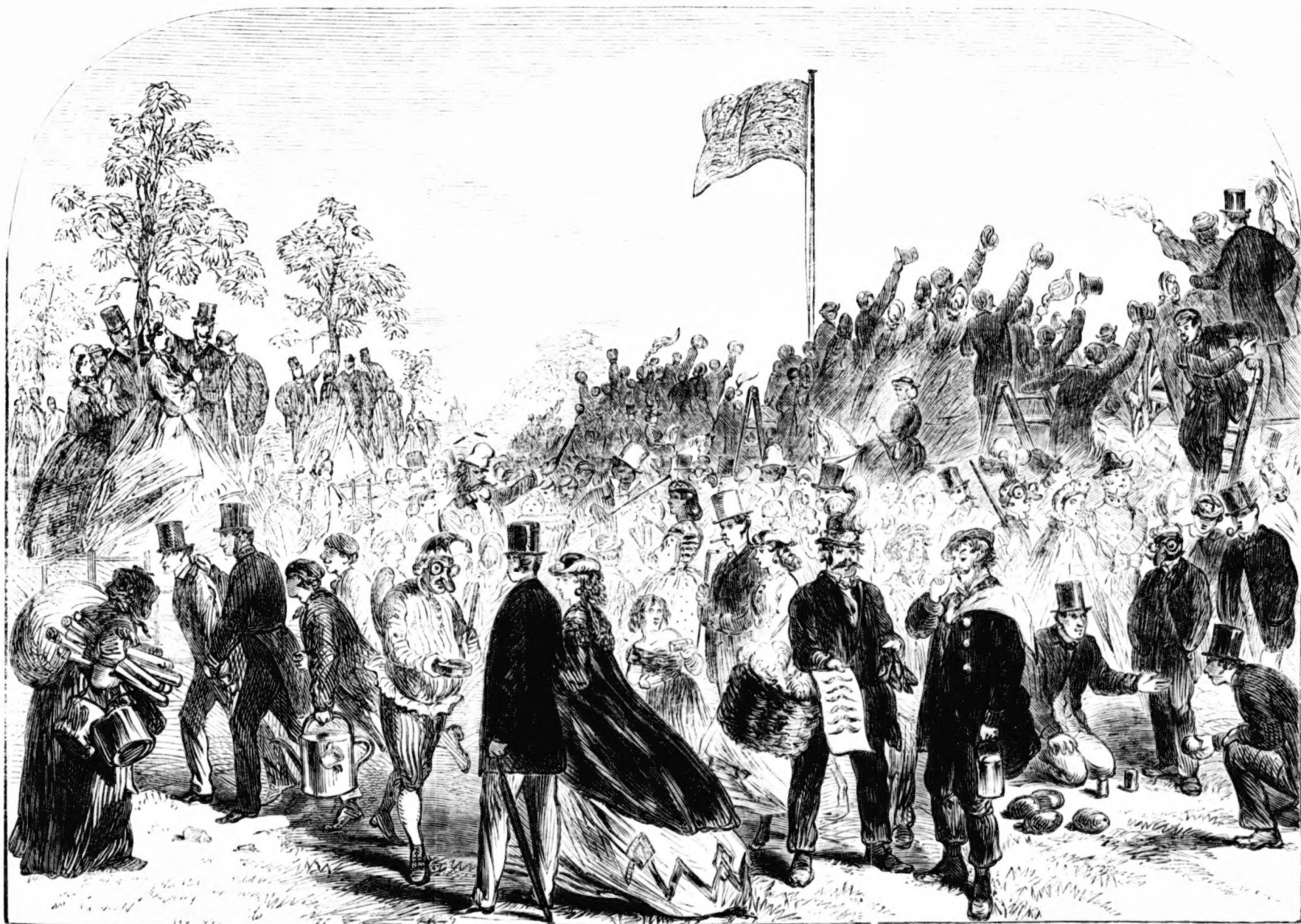
After the Queen-Mother, with the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, and the leading members of the family, had departed, every one made haste to Claremont. But it was no easy matter to get there, for the pretty lanes around the church were blocked with carriages, and still more with crowds of cheering ladies and gentlemen; and just as the company emerged they caught a glimpse of a Royal carriage, with outsiders, in which were the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Prince and Prince's Louis of Hesse, turning off by another road and driving in hot haste to con-

gratulate the youthful bride and bridegroom. The Prince and Princess of Orleans went by what may be called the river road to Claremont, and thither all the guests followed them. Everywhere it was one long welcome throughout the route, which was not only thronged with people, but covered with more substantial marks of favour in the shape of triumphal arches, flags, banners, and little groves of newly-planted firs surrounded with wild flowers and streaming with pennons. The decorations on the route, with the two prettily-designed arches, were got up and arranged by Mr. T. W. Williamson, of Esher; most of the ladies of the place contributing

the rosettes and the required needlework of flags, wreaths, &c. Almost instantly after the return of the bridal party to Claremont the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Prince and Princess of Hesse, arrived, and most earnestly congratulated the bride and bridegroom. They were followed by Princess Mary of Cambridge and by the Duke, who had driven down to wish happiness to the fair young couple.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

As soon as the bridal party had assembled on their return, the chief of the guests proceeded to a magnificently draped marquee



ALL THAT ONE OF OUR ARTIST'S SAW OF THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—SEE PAGE 354.

which had been erected in rear of the mansion, where a déjeuner had been laid for 100 visitors. This repast lasted till three o'clock, during which time the park was crowded with visitors, and bands were playing and guns were firing in all directions. The ex-Queen presided, the Prince and Princess of Wales being seated on her left and right, and the Count and Countess de Paris opposite. The band of the 12th Lancers performed during the breakfast. The ex-Queen gave the toast of "The Count and Countess de Paris," which was received with enthusiasm. Earl Russell proposed "The Health of Queen Marie Amélie." Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar gave "The Health of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." The park at this point was thrown open by the liberality of the Orleans family to the public, and there all classes, from the Prince to the peasant, were to be seen mingled together. In the grounds fronting the house the band of the Royal Surrey Militia also performed during the fête, and the Esher school children were drawn up in front of the house. The Count and Countess de Paris came forward early in the afternoon to a balcony in front of the house, and were warmly greeted by the assembled people in the park, who appeared gratified at their condescension. The Count and Countess de Paris took their departure for his Royal Highness the Duke d'Aumale's seat at Evesham, Worcestershire. In Claremont there were tents for the ladies of Esher; there was equal hospitality shown, however, to all. The school children had their entertainment in the school, and plenty of amusement provided for them, and a display of fireworks took place as the shades of evening set in.

THE HORSE MARKET AT STUTTGARD.

If the little villages to which we have alluded in another column as lying in the entrance of the Suabian Alps are remarkable for the quaint conservatism of their customs and the peculiarity of the people and costumes, Stuttgart itself, the capital of Württemberg, is scarcely less noticeable. Without any pretence to a very remote antiquity, since its name only first occurs in the year 1229, this city is one of the pleasantest, queerest, oldest-fashioned places in Europe; and, lying as it does at the bottom of a valley, surrounded with hills covered with vineyards and gardens, is a rare place for a lazy traveller seeking an excuse for a stay in some quiet locality. Not that Stuttgart is a dull place by any means; for, apart from the charming country by which it is surrounded, the remains of the queer old city, with its narrow, irregular streets and wooden houses; the new town, with its fine thoroughfares, and Royal palace and grand parade, and lovely gardens extending to the King's country seat at Rosenheim, are there not the Gymnasium, the magnificent public library, the art-collections, the botanical gardens; that other wonderfully-beautiful retreat of Royalty, "The Solitude," and, above all, the Horse Market? We say above all, because the horse market of Stuttgart is growing, if it has not become, famous in Europe. And it is here that those very picturesque costumes to which the people of the surrounding districts cling with such endurance are often seen with remarkable effect and with good opportunity for amusing observation.

Here may be seen horses of every breed and for every variety of purpose, from the heavy, black-coated, great-acted drakene, which has descended, in a direct line, from the old charger of the tournament, and the clumsy Mecklenburg carriage-horse, to the graceful, light Hungarian steed and the purely-bred Arabian, which is carefully preserved in the Württemberg stables.

Stuttgart is, in fact, a hippic city; and the origin of its name ("Mares Garden") seems somehow to have foreshadowed this equine association; and a black mare and foal form part of the civic arms. But the true reason of the eminence attained by Stuttgart in the matter of horsemanship may be found in the example set by the old King, who for more than forty years was the most zealous and intelligent agriculturist in the country, and contrived materially to alter the whole aspect of his dominions soon after his accession to the throne, in 1816, and afterwards gradually established one of the most constitutional monarchies in Europe in place of a divided kingdom, the inhabitants of which were oppressed by feudalism, which demanded from the people so large a proportion of the fruits of their labour that they were in danger of becoming totally idle and demoralised. The King at once comprehended that, in order to enrich the country and to develop its natural resources, it would be necessary to encourage agriculture, and at the same time to make improvement possible by the enfranchisement of the land; and, in order to effect these objects the more readily, his first act of sovereignty was the abolition of the old feudal tithes; and this was speedily followed by the suppression of those "rights of chase" by which large tracts of land were tyrannically withheld from profitable cultivation. What these rights of chase implied may be discovered even in some of the old pictures, which represent regal battues, where perfect hecatombs of game are exhibited as the result of a day's sport; and it was a mercy for the people that they at last found a monarch who regarded their means of living as a matter of more importance than his own amusement.

In 1816 the 73,000 horses which Württemberg produced were scarcely sufficient for the agriculture of the country and the conveyance of goods on the principal roads, while all those animals used for private equipages and for the cavalry service were imported from other States. At the present time all the exigencies of the kingdom in this respect are supplied from its own resources; and a trade is already established in the exportation of horses to the extent of about 600 a year, and mostly of admirable breed.

The King was often reproached for his apparently unaccountable attachment to what was considered to be a race of horses altogether useless to the country—namely, the pure Arab stock; to preserve which it cost him a large sum, that might, it was said, have been better employed in promoting the breed of a more useful class of horse. This reproach, however, does not seem to have been well founded; for, although the Arab stud formed a very large part of the expense in the Royal stables, it should have been regarded only as a Royal fancy; and there was certainly no lack of encouragement for the breeding of all other horses for the service of the country, while the admixture of the Arab blood may, after all, have had a very happy effect. The results of the Royal example were as apparent in the improvement of the breeds of other domestic animals, since, while in 1816 there were in the country but 585,000 head of cattle, in 1859 there were counted no fewer than 842,000. The sheep, which in Württemberg has from time immemorial enjoyed excellent pasturage, scarcely shows so large an increase in number; but so great has been the attention paid to breeding, that the improvements both in the quality of wool and meat can scarcely be over-estimated. Under the new system, too, the châteaux and mansions, which formerly stood amidst parks and terraces, were quickly surrounded by farm lands, and scientific experiments both in agriculture and the acclimatisation of animals became a very profitable fashion, which prevailed to the fullest extent at the Royal residences of La Favorite and Segout, or Monrepos, which latter place became the centre of a series of sheepfolds, and the trial district for experiments in cultivating the mulberry-tree for the use of the silkworm houses.

The most important farm, however, was that of Rosenheim, quite close to the gates of Stuttgart. There is nothing remarkable in the mansion itself, except that the tunnel of the railway from Paris to Vienna passes under its foundations; but it adjoins the other Royal residence of Wilhelm, a celebrated Moorish villa, to which is attached one of the most extraordinary model farms ever witnessed. Here, during the past thirty years, a careful and intelligent cross of the Lampure and Dutch breeds has produced a new bovine race of white colour and unchanged build, which is known as the "Rosenheim breed." It may be said that this has, after all, but little to do with the title either of this article or of the illustration; but, in fact, it is at the horse market at Stuttgart that the evidence of these improvements is most apparent. It is here that the careful experiments in that department in which the old King took such a constant interest find a result in the great variety of animals of every breed which are offered for the judgment

of connoisseurs; and, apart from any very intimate acquaintance with the matter, the visitor who, after strolling about amongst the grapes and orchards, or lounging in the quaint old streets, goes for an hour or two amongst the horses, will find himself interested even against his will.

OPERA, CONCERTS, AND NEW MUSIC.

M. GOUNOD'S "Faust" ("Faust e Margarita" in Mr. Gye's version) has been reproduced at the Royal Italian Opera, with two of the three principal parts intrusted to new singers. Mdlle. Mielan-Carvalho, the former representative of Margaret, is replaced by Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; while instead of Signor Tamberlik, as Faust, we have now Signor Mario. Both these changes are to the advantage of the cast; and the pre-eminently popular opera which brought such good fortune last year to both the rival managers is now sung and acted to perfection at Covent Garden. The parts of Mephistophiles, Valentine, and Siebel are assigned, as they were last season, to M. Faure, Signor Graziani, and Mdlle. Nantier-Didice.

"Faust" has also been reproduced at Her Majesty's Theatre, where, it will be remembered, the English public had first an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the work. Here the part of Margaret is taken by Mdlle. Titiens, that of Faust by Signor Guglielmi, that of Mephistophiles by Signor Gassier. The only novelty in the cast of the present season is that, instead of Mdlle. Trebelli, Mdlle. Bettelheim now appears as Siebel. Charming as Mdlle. Lucca sings the music of Margaret, we are still of opinion that Mdlle. Titiens is, on the whole, the best Margaret who has yet appeared. Mdlle. Titiens is always admirable in passionate and tragic scenes. What is chiefly remarkable in her performance of the part of Margaret is the great dramatic talent with which, in the earlier part of the drama, she enters into all the simplicity of the character. It is by this simplicity that every reader of the drama remembers Margaret. It is her true characteristic, whereas there is nothing at all characteristic in her fault, or in her crime, or in her subsequently going crazy. These are incidents that are constantly turning up in the police reports and in the penny novels.

Indeed, the whole plot of "Faust" is very like that of a penny novel; only, to set all the personages in action, supernatural machinery is employed, and a new and highly original fiend introduced. A villainous lover, to obtain the affection of a pretty and innocent girl, has recourse to the vulgar expedient of making her magnificent presents. The innocent girl, though she loves virtue much, loves jewellery more, and falls. The villainous lover then abandons her, and, when her brother in the army turns up and calls him to account, slays the impertinent fellow in a duel. Margaret, the betrayed, having committed child murder, is arrested and put in prison. She goes mad and sees visions. Divested of the poetry in which Goethe has clothed it, there is nothing very remarkable in all this.

Nor is Faust a very eloquent lover, which is, however, quite in keeping with his reliance upon jewellery, so much more brilliant than himself. The music M. Gounod has given him to sing is as good as anything Goethe has given him to say; and, as a dramatic personage, he does not at all suffer from being operatised. Indeed, most Margarets would, no doubt, prefer him in his operatic dress.

Margaret's brother is the true type of the brother of the pretty girl, always making his appearance when he is not wanted. Manon Lescaut's brother (who also was in the army) had, of course, this habit as well, only he usually showed himself in order to have an opportunity of furthering his own interests, and not by any means for the protection of his young and flighty sister.

Neither Valentine nor Faust, considered only as a lover, is a very remarkable character; but what does this matter when Margaret and Mephistophiles remain? All the other personages could be satisfactorily treated by a very ordinary operatic composer; but "Margaret" can only be set to music by a composer of very high talent, such as M. Gounod, by his very manner of executing that task, has shown himself to be.

As for Mephistophiles, he is not a musical personage at all. This the sentimental Margaret essentially is; and this the ironical, philosophical, diabolical Mephistophiles essentially is not. To hear him sing is something like what it would be to hear Rochefoucauld's maxims sung: "There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not altogether disagreeable to us," is not, for instance, a very lyrical sentiment, and is not particularly well adapted for musical expression. At least "She never told her love," &c., is better; and in about the same proportion is the character of Margaret better for musical purposes than that of Mephistophiles. The operatic representatives of Mephistophiles, to be sure, make a good deal out of the part both at Covent Garden and at Her Majesty's Theatre, but this they do in their own way. Nothing is easier than to look like Mephistophiles, thanks to the striking picturesqueness with which the German artists, and after them the German actors, have succeeded in characterising this and, indeed, all the personages in the drama of "Faust."

We wonder, by-the-way, whether any, and, if so, how many, persons will become readers of Goethe's "Faust" from hearing the music with which it has inspired M. Gounod? However this may be, it is interesting to see the important part that operas—and not operas only, but ballets as well—have played, and may yet play, in familiarising the public with at least the titles of the masterpieces of European literature. An habitué who has heard Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Verdi's "Macbeth," Halévy's "Tempest," and Gounod's "Faust," may even have made himself acquainted with the plots on which these operas are founded. Ballets, as we were remarking, have also been the means of spreading a certain amount of useful literary information. Thus two of the best German legends have been made known to numbers of persons in France and England through "Undine" and "Giselle." Heine himself complained, in the character of an injured parent, that the ballet of "Giselle" was far more popular than the poem from which it is taken, and we observe that the yacht in which Garibaldi sailed to Capraia is called by some of our contemporaries the "Undine," a strong presumptive proof that Undine, the water-nymph of the German legend, is only indirectly known to them through Undine, the water-nymph of the French ballet.

Both opera-houses seem to be doing an excellent business, and, if they had only to think of the general public, would continue playing their stock operas and the new operas of last season without any fear of empty houses. But the subscribers have a right to expect novelties from time to time, especially when they have been distinctly announced in the programmes for the season. Mr. Mapleson has already fulfilled one of his promises in introducing the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and we do not blame Mr. Gye for departing from his custom of imitating Mr. Mapleson, and abstaining from giving us another version of the same work. The success of "Faust" at Her Majesty's Theatre quite justified Mr. Gye last year (from his own point of view) in producing a second edition of that opera at Covent Garden. But the "Merry Wives of Windsor" has not been such a wonderful hit at Her Majesty's Theatre that it would be quite sure to strike the target of success if tried again at the Royal Italian Opera. Plotow's "Stradella," the work announced by Mr. Gye in lieu of the "Merry Wives," is certainly superior to the same composer's "Martha." It was not very successful, to be sure, when brought out many years ago in an English dress; but there was an exceptional reason for this, the weather being so hot the first night of its production that many of the audience left the theatre at the end of the first act and went to Cremorne. No opera is so good that it is worth sitting in an oven to hear it, but if it be only ordinary summer weather when "Stradella" is introduced for the second time to the public we feel sure that it will be well received.

At the concert recently given by Mr. Francesco Berger and Miss Lascelles, a principal feature in the entertainment was an "operetta" of Mr. Berger's composition—one of the most agreeable specimens of this kind of work that has yet been produced. Miss Lascelles, besides taking the principal lady's part in the operetta, distinguished herself by her admirable singing in Mr. Berger's charming ballad

of "Monna." Mr. Berger played two of his own pieces ("Consolation" and "Etoile de ma Vie") in his usual graceful and expressive manner, and was joined by one of his pupils in a duet founded on motives from "Les Huguenots."

Herr Theodor Mauss, at his annual morning concert, performed the pianoforte part in a trio by Pesca (violin, Herr Adam; violoncello, Herr Lidel), Thalberg's fantasia on "Les Huguenots," and a piece of his own writing, entitled "May Breezes." Herr Mauss is well known as a pianist and as a composer, and, on this occasion, gained well-deserved applause in both capacities.

All the music from Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," with various arrangements by Mdlle. Oary, Ganz, Favarger, &c., has been published by Messrs. Boosey.

A new fantasia by Thalberg on motives from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" is announced by Messrs. Chappell.

One of the prettiest waltzes that has been brought out for some time past, and which is now frequently performed in and about London by military bands, is entitled "Fleur-de-lis." It is the composition of Miss Florence Gilbert, and is published by Metzger and Co.

TRAGIC INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

THE Charleston Mercury tells a touching story. Miss Anna Pickens, daughter of Governor Pickens, while ministering to the wounded in the hospitals of Charleston, came in contact with a wounded officer, Lieutenant Andrew De Rochelle. The young people fell in love, and after a short courtship it was arranged that they should be married on the 22nd of last month. "Lieutenant De Rochelle was on duty at Fort Sumter in the morning, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place at the residence of General Bonham in the evening. At the moment the Episcopal clergyman was asking the bride if she was ready a shell fell on the roof of the building, penetrated to the room where the company were assembled, burst, and wounded nine persons, and among the rest Miss Pickens. We cannot describe the scene that followed. Order was re-established, and the wounded were removed, all except the bride, who lay motionless upon the carpet. Her betrothed, kneeling and bending over her, was weeping bitterly, and trying to stanch the blood that welled from a terrible wound under her left breast. A surgeon declared that Miss Pickens had not longer than two hours to live. When the wounded girl recovered her consciousness she asked to know her fate, and, when they hesitated to tell her, 'Andrew,' she said, 'I beg you to tell me the truth. If I must die I can die worthy of you.' The young soldier's tears were his answer, and Miss Anna, summoning all her strength, attempted to smile. Governor Pickens was almost without consciousness, and Mrs. Pickens looked upon her child with the dry and haggard eye of one whose reason totters. Lieutenant De Rochelle was the first to speak, 'Anna,' he cried, 'I will die soon, too; but I would have you die my wife. There is yet time to unite us.' The young girl did not reply; she was too weak. A slight flush rose for an instant to her pale cheek. It could be seen that joy and pain were struggling in her spirit for the mastery. Lying upon a sofa, her bridal dress all stained with blood, her hair dishevelled, she had never been more beautiful. Helpless as she was, Lieut. De Rochelle took her hand and requested the R.V.M. Dr. Dickinson to proceed with the ceremony. When it was time for the dying girl to say yes, her lips parted several times, but she could not articulate. At last the word was spoken, and a slight foam rested upon her lips. The dying agony was near. The minister sobbed as he proceeded with the ceremony. An hour afterwards all was over, and the bridal chamber was the chamber of death. Lieutenant De Rochelle has sworn to perish in battle against the Yankees, and we are sure he will keep his oath."

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY, 1794.—Wednesday, June 1, was the seventieth anniversary of the great naval victory off Ushant, when Lord Howe captured six and destroyed one sail of the line of the French fleet. There are still surviving ten officers who fought in this action:—Admiral Sir William Parker, Bart., G.O.B.; Admiral William Henry Brown Tremlett, Admiral Edward Rasey, Admiral Henry Thomas Davies, Rear-Admiral William Haydon, Rear-Admiral William Hexton, Captain John Sykes, Captain Justian Barrill, Captain George Hillier, and Commander George Neate Tremlett.

GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES AND ASSURANCES BILL.—Several new clauses have been added to this bill by the Select Committee. No annuity exceeding £50 a year is to be granted to any one person, and no life assurances are to be for more than £100 on the death of any one person, or to be made by or on behalf of a person under sixteen or over sixty. In case of default or desire to surrender a policy after payment of five years' premiums the National Debt Commissioners are to pay to the party beneficially interested a sum not less than one third of the premiums paid, or, if he prefer it, grant a paid-up policy or an immediate or deferred life annuity equivalent in value to the sum that would have been returned. Policies of assurance may be assigned after five years' premiums have been paid, but the National Debt Commissioners are not to be affected by notice of any trust. Regulations may be made for receiving and making payments at the post-offices or the savings-banks. Fresh tables for annuities and assurances are to be constructed. If payment of a policy is refused by the commissioners, proceedings may be taken against them in a county court.

FEMALE SPECULATORS.—A correspondent of a Boston, U.S., paper gives the following account of the ladies of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:—"They were all talking Stocks. A parcel of young brokers live in the house, and every evening they were sent over to the 'coal-hole' to execute the commissions of the ladies. I did not ask any of their husbands what they thought of this arrangement. A lady took me in tow, and we walked down the drawing-room, looking and listening to what was being done and said. 'Jenny,' said a very pretty woman to another, 'you'd better buy some Michigan Southern; its sure to go up to 140.' 'Now, Lizzy,' replied her friend, 'it's no use for you to be bullying the market. I don't believe any such a thing.' 'Oh, you horrid bear, you!' retorted Lizzy, 'you've been selling short, you know you have.' So we passed along, hearing conversations of this sort from women who held Stock-lists in their hands, and eagerly inquired if their brokers had returned from the coal-hole, and what they had done." If this be true, what are we coming to? Are we about to turn into a nation of gamblers, and make a second Baden-Baden of New York? If both men and matrons indulge in this dangerous game of beggar-my-neighbour, the next generation will come honestly enough by a wholesale mania for throwing dice, and will, undoubtedly, erect statues to Fortune or to Secretary Chase, instead of to the heroes of the war.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, a reward of £5 10s. was voted to the crew of the institution's life-boat stationed at Drogheda, for putting off and saving the crew of three men from the schooner Maria, of Milford, which was wrecked on Drogheda Bar on the 9th ult. Rewards were also voted to the crew of the Irvine life-boat of the institution, and to the crews of shore-boats for their laudable exertions on occasions of wrecks. It was reported that benevolent persons had presented the institution with the cost of new life-boats to be stationed at New Brighton, near Liverpool; Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire; Tranmore, near Waterford; Poole, Dorset; and Sennen Cove, Land's End. The important new instructions of the institution for the restoration of persons apparently dead from drowning had been most extensively circulated by the society throughout the United Kingdom. They had also been forwarded to our Colonial Governors and to the Ambassadors resident at the English Court. The latter had expressed their high appreciation of the same. A communication was read from the French Minister of Marine acknowledging, with thanks, some drawings and various plans, forwarded by the institution, relative to ships' life-boats. The late George Wheelhouse, Esq., of Deptford Bridge, had left the institution a legacy of £250. The South Holland shipwreck Association had requested the institution to order for them a new life-boat, transporting carriage, and equipment complete. Some fearful shipwrecks had occurred on that coast during the past winter, with a loss of five or six hundred lives. The institution had life-boats ready to be sent to Padstow, Cornwall; Redcar, Yorkshire; and Teignmouth, Devon. Payments amounting to £300 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

THE SALMON FISHERIES.—An important meeting of proprietors and others interested in the salmon fisheries of the Eden and Esk was held at the Townhall, Carlisle, on Saturday last.—The Mayor of Carlisle in the chair—"to consider what steps should be taken for the removal of the stake-nets and other fixed engines now illegally placed in the estuaries of those two rivers." There was an influential meeting of proprietors. By virtue of the Scotch Salmon Fisheries Act of 1862 the Salmon Fishery Commissioners have lately defined the limits of the estuaries of the Eden, the Esk, the Annan, and the Nith, which empty themselves into the Solway Frith, and by an old law of Scotland all forced engines are illegal in the estuary of a river. As, however, a great many stake-nets and other fixed engines still exist within those limits defined by the commissioners, Mr. Eden, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, when in Carlisle a few weeks ago, recommended the river proprietors to take steps to secure the removal of them. This meeting of proprietors and others interested in the abolition of the fixed engine was consequently called. It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Mounsey, seconded by Mr. P. H. Howard, of Corby Castle, to form an association of proprietors and lessees of fishings in the several rivers Eden, Esk, Annan, and Nith "for the purpose of enforcing the law as to the removal of stake-nets and other illegal engines now placed in the estuaries of the above-mentioned rivers." A letter was read from Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherby, in favour of the objects of the meeting, and several influential proprietors enrolled their names as members of the association. It is said that the case will be contested by the owners of fixed engines, who assert that the commissioners have improperly defined the limits of the estuaries. The question is of the utmost importance to the four rivers, as the fixed nets at present intercept the salmon in their progress from the sea.

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